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THE LAST HOURS OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

BEING THE SEQUEL OF "THE CHEVALIER BAYARD AND THE FAIR WIDOW."

MADAME DE RANDAN, surrounded with importunate lovers, soon began to dread the effects of her beauty. The life of Bayard became so dear to her, that she trembled to expose it to the hazard of another battle. She had a chateau at La Forté, and she resolved to withdraw herself, in this retreat, from the dangerous view of the courtiers. She had not told Bayard of it, to whom retirement might not be suitable; but she said softly to herself, "He will come there, perhaps," and she determined not to depart, until the apartment of the Chevalier was magnificently arranged:—an ingenious precaution with which Bayard was enchanted. She ordered her litter to be brought, which she had refitted, with blue satin and silver; the harness of her mules was of the same; two nags were to bear her page and Dariole, her *femme de chambre*,* and a chariot was to transport the rest of her suite.

Our ladies of the present time, so decent, and so careful not to offend against strict manners, are no doubt astonished at the arrangement of the fair widow, in furnishing an apartment in her chateau for any one else but a husband. We see nothing of the kind now-a-days, but such was the case in former times. Example encouraged the fair widow, who was without distrust; for these preux chevaliers were chaste lovers; they slept respectfully on the laps of their ladies, and on awaking, they never failed to look around, whether they had been perceived, and to exclaim, *Honi soit que mal y pense*. The fair widow was not dissipated; Bayard alone occupied her thoughts: now-a-days, our ladies think of so many persons, that they can only give to each one a very feeble portion of sensibility; and this dissipation is, as every body knows, the safeguard of their honor. But, alas! when one

* The *femme de chambres* of this time, wore a dress of small striped stuff.

only sees and thinks of the friend, the friend becomes very necessary. And, besides, what a lover was this Bayard! how he covered the charming forehead of the fair widow, with the rays of his glory! One day he said—"Come, madame—come, my angel! receive, in presence of this image of God, (and they were before a crucifix,) the hand of Bayard. If oaths are necessary—"

"The word of Bayard," said the fair widow, "is worth more than a solemn oath; give me that, and—"

Bayard threw himself at her feet—"By you, by this sword," said he, "I swear to be your husband."

"I am satisfied," said the fair widow; "let us be friends, without noise and parade. I have promised never to quit the name of Monsieur De Randan; I must keep my promise."

The Chevalier seized a pen, and wrote on a paper the same oath, and an authentic contract of marriage. "We may have a son," said he; "let him know that I was your husband, and let my name render him respectable in the eyes of all the world."

Let us return to the project of departure; on the eve of executing it, the fair widow could not refrain from informing her chevalier.—"My dear seignior, and sweet friend," wrote she,— "I depart for my chateau of La Ferté; it is necessary; for at court there are so many tongues of serpents. I would not, for the world, that you should be obliged to fight for the love of your friend.—Alas! how hard it is for me to bid you adieu!"

Bayard made no reply to this billet, but he immediately called his squire. "Bourdin," said he, "arrange my valise, and go straight to La Ferté, I have nothing to do here." He at the same time mounted his horse, and arrived at the fair widow's, as she was about to get into the litter. "Well then, my fair dame," said he, "you depart, whether your friend would that you should go, or no?"

"Is it not necessary that we should part?"

"No, my angel—I go with you; I will follow you everywhere!"

"No, you must remain at court, you are necessary there; you know it well." In refusing, the fair widow lowered her voice, and trembled.

"If you knew me, my sweet friend, you would know that I could not exist in peace far from you; I will follow you."

"No."

"Do you refuse me?"

"No."

"Well, then let us leave these futile contests; let us part."

"No—good God—no!"

"You astonish me ; your love, my fair friend, is it gone?"

"No."

"Then let us depart."

"But—no, there are so many mischievous spirits ; they would make fine stories about us."

"You will not consent then that I go with you."

"No."

"I will not go then."

"What is to hinder you?"

"You have said, I shall not."

"Do you not understand me ? I should wish it much, but the world"—

In short, Bayard perceived that the love of the fair widow was stronger than her judgment. He took her in his arms and put her, himself, in her litter. Let us figure to ourselves the march of the equipage of the fair widow. Already the little bells, hung round the necks of the mules, had given notice to the neighborhood. The gentle page trotted before on his hackney, Dariole also trotted aside, on a white palfrey ; afterwards came the chariot, covered with a cloth, ornamented with *fleurs de lys* ; and then the superb litter, which advanced on an amble, the Chevalier prancing near by on his proud war-horse. "The *coup d'œil*," says Lautrec, "was fine ; but the most rare, without doubt, was to behold the fair widow under the guardianship of the greatest chevalier of France, who had the air of being nothing but her upper servant."

Behold them arrived. A great fete at La Ferté ; the soldiers relieved from service ; the old French, or Swiss bands, who encamped here and there, came to entertain the gallant Chevalier with military pastimes ; the peasantry of La Ferté hastened to regale the fair widow with rural fetes and dances, and to present her with cream and flowers.

How happy they were ! How did the days, which are so long in the fields, where the sun is seen earlier than in town, appear short to them ! What did Bayard do ? He related to the fair widow all his campaigns. He passed in review all the generals of his time, and did justice to their merits ; but of himself he spoke with rigor. He declared that, though well versed in the art of war, he owed his reputation to a brilliant and dashing audacity, which disconcerted the arrangements of methodical warriors. To these conversations, in which the ladies in former times took great pleasure, Bayard added others, less elevated, and

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more tender. He read to her, frequently, some of the fables and metamorphoses of Ovid ; and sometimes, through an excess of complaisance, she would listen to several chapters from *Amadis de Gaul*, a book at that time in great vogue. But, in simple truth, it was not a period when ladies were much given to literature, or when *blues* were held in reverence. In a word, the fair widow was an amiable ignoramus, and was but so much the dearer to the good Chevalier. Reading, after all, was not the sweetest of their amusement. The Chevalier and the fair widow had a daughter three years old. One should see Bayard, like Hector, take off his casque, of which the black plumes frightened the child, as he raised it in his arms. To tell the whole truth, for all is ennobled by sentiment, seated on the ground, beside a child of three years, he made castles of cards, which the fair widow, seated by his side, placed in her lap. He rode a stick to amuse the child, who ran after him with feeble and irregular steps.

While he was courting in this way, Captain La Palice made his appearance, who came in quest of him, to lead him to battle. The Captain was not surprised. In those times they were nearer to nature than we are, and every thing which related to her, had a touching charm. The Captain did not mistake the matter ; "Worthy Chevalier," said he, "this then is your daughter ? the beautiful child !" He took her up, and pressed her against his heart. Bayard blushed. "I felicitate you, my friend ; conduct me to the fair widow, that I may salute your wife."

"I am not publicly married."

"Oh ! I understand ; but it is of no importance ; the fair widow is always worthy of my respect—and, in truth, my heart still holds some recollection of her."

"It is not as you understand the matter, Captain ; I am engaged to her by a writing, on oath ; she is my wife in the eyes of God, and my conscience ; my word is given ; you know what my word is worth ; you know if ever I have merited a reproach."

"Well, then, my friend, let me see, let me kiss her fair hand—thou sweet gaoler of our hearts ! Blessed God ! if you should die, and the fair widow would have me, Captain La Palice would be most happy to be her husband."

The fair widow did not expect the blunt compliment of the Captain ; but her blushes were soon dissipated, the Captain was so frank and well understood. "You will take him away from me," said she, "to lead him—the will of the king be done." She prepared, herself, the Chevalier's equipage for the campaign, and gave to Bourdin, his faithful servant, herbs for all sorts of wounds,

and the manner of bandaging and dressing them. Bayard departed. We will pass over the adieus. Breschia was sacked, with a fury which has few examples. Bayard was wounded at the commencement of the action, and was carried to the house of some people of quality, whom he reassured, by his discourse, and by the precaution which he took, of placing at their door two soldiers, whom he recompensed by a gift of eight hundred crowns, for the sacrifice they made to him, in not taking a part in the pillage.

It was thus that Bayard knew how to soften the horrors of war. But while he did honor to his country, and gloriously shed his blood for the state, they prepared keen pangs for him at court. The favorites who had remained about the person of Francis I, in shameful idleness, and who made and unmade, according to their will, the reputations of heroes, and of beauties, did not spare the beautiful widow of the chateau of La Ferté. Francis I imposed silence on their calumnies, but he believed them more than he should have done. He loved beautiful women, and they represented the fair widow to him so beautiful, that he had a desire to see her. Why should we not say it? He was a handsome prince—amiable, gallant—he was king; was it not excusable in him to feed himself with hopes? But this great king, always courteous towards the ladies, as though he were a simple gentleman, wrote to the fair widow, to inform her of his visit, and to ask her consent. “I will come,” said he at the bottom of his letter, “as a hunter. La Tremoille and Guise will accompany me, and no one else.” The fair widow replied with respect. The monarch arrived at La Ferté; the fair widow received him at the first avenue of the chateau. The gallant Francis I, no sooner saw her, than he pulled off his hat, saying to La Tremoille and to Guise, “There’s the lady!” Arrived near to her, he drew off his glove, kissed the hand which she presented to him, and entered in the chateau, where he took a light collation. La Tremoille and Guise disappeared, under a preconcerted pretext. Francis I, alone with the fair widow, endeavored to please her. No one knew so well as him, to make one forget the monarch. But he found a resistance, proportioned to his agreeable qualities and his attacks; he threw himself at the feet of the fair widow.

She then burst into tears—“You must have greatly mistaken me, sire, since you put yourself in so humble a posture before me? Have you forgotten that I am the widow of Monsieur De Randan, who has rendered you so many signal services?”

The king, piqued at this unexpected apostrophe, forgot, for a

moment, the respect which he had always imposed on himself towards the ladies. "But you, madame," said he, "do *you* remember Monsieur De Randan?"

These words caused the fair widow to blush. "Ah, sire, what have they told you?"

Francis I, who perceived his imprudence, threw himself at the feet of the fair lady—"They have told me," said he, in the sweetest tone that he could summon, "that you—that you were as kind as you are fair."

"It is not that, sire; it is to other reports that I owe the honor of your visit. They have flattered, they have deceived you. Yes, sire, they have deceived you; I have forgotten, it is true, Monsieur De Randan; the Chevalier Bayard, since all must be told, has succeeded him. Sire—one moment"—she opened, at these words, a small casket, and drew from thence the contract of marriage, in the handwriting of Bayard. The king read it. "I will believe," added the fair widow, "that it is not the spouse of Bayard, you have come to seduce."

"No, madame," exclaimed Francis I, "on the faith of a gentleman. Honor shall be done to you; I have been deceived—I go to set all right. Evil be to him whose envenomed talk dare to attack you; believe me, madame, that Bayard shall always have a second in me, when the honor of a fair widow is to be defended. But, my fair dame, will you not take publicly the noble name of Bayard?"

"Yes, sire, I will at present. All my reasons, contrary to this design, have vanished. I will no longer expose myself to humiliating suspicions. I wait the return of Bayard."

"I will go and order him to come, madame," said the king. "I am impatient to see at the court the virtuous spouse of Bayard."

La Tremoille and Guise having returned, Francis I mounted his horse, and said, before the fair widow, to his favorites—"Gentlemen, I have just been conversing with the spouse of the Chevalier Bayard. *Honi soit que mal y pense.*" The fair widow, satisfied with the manner in which this interview had terminated, awaited with impatience the return of Bayard. Alas! she was never to see him more!

Bayard, on leaving Breschia, had joined the army of Bonnevit. Errors, without number, had reduced this general to form the blockade before Milan, which he was obliged to raise. He then fortified himself in Biagrassa, which was taken from him. This loss cut off his communication with Piedmont; he found himself

enclosed in the Novarese, a country entirely ruined ; the Swiss and the Grisons having refused to join him, he thought of nothing but to reconduct, if possible, the remains of his army into France. Though this project was full of difficulties, he would have succeeded, if it had not been for the activity, and, perhaps, the hate, of the Constable of Bourbon. For a long time this prince had told the allies, that an extreme diligence was necessary to profit by the faults of the French, which the experienced officers of the armies of Bonnevit could repair, if they had only time to make themselves heard. The light troops pressed their march, and made it so fortunately, that they found themselves near enough to charge the French gend'armerie, at the moment that the infantry commenced to defile over a bridge, which they had thrown. Bonnevit, whose duty and courage had placed him in the rear-guard, sustained, for some time, the efforts of the confederates ; a severe wound determined him to place himself under cover beyond the bridge, and to give the conduct of the army to Bayard. "I could well have wished," said this brave Chevalier, "that it had pleased God that you should have given me this honorable charge at a time of more favorable fortune than the present : nevertheless, in whatever way fortune treats me, I will act in such sort that, as long as I live, nothing shall fall into the hands of the enemy, without my defending it bravely."

The Chevalier Bayard, charged in this retreat, with the safety of the gend'armerie, which was sacrificed to the rest of the army, preserved it by prodigies of hardihood and constancy. He opened, to this generous noblesse, as well as to the infantry, the road to France ; but it cost him his life. Mortally wounded in this action, by a musket-ball, (of which they then made use for the first time,) he caused himself to be helped off from his horse, and to be seated at the foot of a tree. There, with his face turned towards the enemy, regarding the cross of his sword, and after having confessed himself *par humilité* to Bourdin, he awaited his fate. Had he forgotten the beautiful widow ? No ; he dictated a letter to Bourdin. What adieus ! what regrets ! All his tender, and chivalrous soul, was poured out in this letter. "Take," said he, "take, take the name of Bayard ; honor in this way the name of a good chevalier, who loved you as long as he lived, and who was, all his life, without fear, and without reproach—always faithful to glory, to his king, to his lady." The constable, who pursued the flying, passed before him, and lamented his fate—"I am not to be pitied, sir," said this brave man ; "I die in the performance of my duty ; it is you who are to be pitied, inasmuch

as you are armed against your country, your king, your friends, your oath, your honor, your interests—.” At this moment a page of the king arrived, and was the bearer of a letter. Francis I invited him to return to court, to receive from him the hand of the fair widow, and afterwards to return to the army. The monarch gave him, in favor of this marriage, the government of Burgundy. “Ah, dear sire, how much I thank you ! how well you merit the love I bear you ! I should die contented, if I did not leave the fair widow in distress.” “Sire,” wrote he with a hand he could not sustain, “take care of the fair widow ;” and at the foot of the letter to the king, he wrote, “I espouse Madame de Randan, and I die ! ‘Take this letter,’ said he to Bourdin, ‘to the fair widow ; the name of the king, and my name, will be two sufficiently valid testimonies of our marriage.’”

Pescara, the greatest enemy of the French, was full of admiration of Bayard—no sooner did he hear that he was wounded, than he hastened to him, and said—“I would, in good truth, Monsieur De Bayard, have given the half of my property, that I held you my prisoner, safe and sound, to the end that you might feel, by the courtesies which you would receive of me, how much I esteem your valor and high prowess ; and since there is no remedy for death, I pray God that he will receive your noble soul to himself, as I believe he will.” Pescara at the same time placed a body-guard by the Chevalier, with orders, under pain of death, to defend, and not to quit him, while alive. A pavilion was then spread, under which Bayard was placed, awaiting his death ; and while he was in this situation, the Seignior D’Alégre, Provost of Paris, having arrived, the Chevalier begged him to commend him to the king, and express his sorrow that he could serve him no longer ; and he prayed the same seignior to recommend him, also, to all the princes of France, to all his companions in arms, and generally to all the gentlemen of the kingdom, when he should see them. “He would,” said Brantôme, “build in their souls a memorial of himself.” Turning, from time to time, to Bourdin, he pronounced the name of Madame De Randan, and added, “Tell her, also, to remember me, who have loved her so much, and who still love her.” At length he died. The news of his death caused a complete consternation in the French camp. Gend’armes, officers, and soldiers, crowded together, and shared the same affliction. The soldiers wept, and exclaimed, “We have lost our father.” The officers said, “He was our friend.” Some said, “He was our benefactor.” “We have lost,” said Pescara, “the veritable model of a great man, and the French a

great captain." The soldiers would see him once more ; they drew with them their officers, and all went to surrender themselves prisoners of war, to have the consolation of again seeing the Chevalier. The Spaniards raised his body, had it embalmed, and rendered to him, in the camp, all the military honors that were his due.

The French, having asked for the body, Pescara yielded it to them, to be carried to Grenoble, his country. The Duke of Savoy ordered that it should receive, in his estates, all the honors which are paid to sovereigns, and that the nobility should accompany it to the frontiers. The people of Dauphiny came there to receive it, and conducted it, with groans and tears, to the capital of the province. He was there interred under a single tomb, without ornaments, without inscription ; a sepulchre suitable to his modesty, and sufficiently decorated by these words—*Cy-gît Bayard.*

Bayard died like all his ancestors. His great-great-grandfather had been killed under King Philip de Valois, at the battle of Cressy ; his great-grandfather, at the battle of Poitiers, under King John ; his grandfather, at the battle of Agincourt, under Charles VI ; his father, at the battle of Mont-Lhéry, under Louis the Eleventh. No one remains of this illustrious blood.

He was, according to Brantôme, of the middle height, meagre, but well made ; of an agreeable countenance ; and excelled in all gentle and manly exercises. He appeared to have no other motive in all his actions, but the inspirations of a soul, noble, frank, and sensitive. He did good, less by imitation than by persuasion ; he never talked of any thing, but from a full conviction. He was gentle, frank, and disinterested ; in a time when pillage was the legitimate, and frequent consequence of all battles, and all captures of towns, he obtained general confidence, a distinction much more flattering than all those which can be given by credit, or great places. He never asked the favor of the court, which, though it acknowledged his services, never properly recompensed them. Without having *brevets*, he had more consideration than the greatest captains of his time. He excited emulation, but never envy. The generals even, who are so jealous of the talents of subalterns, were never so of him, though they knew that to his valor and counsels, was attributed almost all their success. On occasions, when the arms of France lost reputation, he augmented his. At Guinegate, in 1513, while the French fled without fighting, he sustained alone, with brave men as courageous as himself, the attacks of several considerable parties. "The

force of arms," he observed, "should only be employed to sustain equity, and not to assist vengeance, or authorize barbarities." History reproaches him with nothing—and adds, that he joined honor and probity, to the highest valor and military talents.

TOKENS AND PLEDGES.

I take the rose thou giv'st to night,
 Tho' by the morrow's dawn 'twill fade ;
 I bless the gracious star, whose light,
 This ev'ning guides us through the glade—
 Though, by the morning, it will be,
 A thing, alone, of Memory.

The blooming flowers that round thee grow,
 We love, as they were living things ;—
 The bird that carols sweetly now,
 Approach, and, lo ! his form hath wings ;—
 For Time, who loves no beauty long,
 Will steal both blandishment and song.

These, fate and fortune shall remove,
 The winter blight, the summer sear,—
 I claim some better pledge of love,
 More lasting, not less sweetly dear :—
 Seal me thy vow, with lips of youth,
 That blossom for a heart of truth.

Then shall I see the planet fly,
 The rose's odor, fleet or pall—
 Lose the bird's music from the sky,
 And smile at parting with them all—
 Thine eyes shall light without eclipse,
 And songs and flow'rs are on thy lips.

LINUS.

THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

Soon, with a smiling face, Summer shall weave
 Her rosy chains around us. With her breath
 Of odor, and her voice of many birds
 Wooing us to her kingdom—woods and leaves,
 Flowers and the trickling waters.

THE YEMASSEE.*

THE romance of the nineteenth century is a species of literature which, for many reasons, puts forth the strongest claims to the impartial consideration of the contemporary critic. It is, in the first place, that branch of composition to the perfection of which are devoted the brightest talents of the age; it is that, which is most widely diffused, and most eagerly demanded, among readers of every age and sex, and which must therefore exercise the greatest influence on the taste and feelings of the public; it is, moreover, the peculiar literature of the age; filling that place which was occupied by the epic poem of heroic days, and by the comedy of a hundred years ago; it embodies the thoughts, and represents the customs of its own era, as they could not be represented by any other style. At a period when the arts of reading and writing were either absolutely unknown, or limited to a very few persons—when oral tradition was the only record of past events—when the bards and minstrels who chanted the wild exploits of chiefs and kings, were alike the historians and the charmers of the rude tribes, which did not perhaps appreciate their rhapsodies more highly than succeeding and far more polished generations—there were two distinct causes for the adoption of a metrical form; the first, and probably the actuating cause, being the adaptation of the legend to instrumental music; the secondary reason, the facility afforded to the memory, then the sole storehouse of the intellect, by the marked recurrence, and undeviating nature of the rythmical pauses. These observations will be found to apply equally to the dawnings of Grecian poetry, to the epics of Homer and Hesiod, to the scalds of the Teutonic hordes, to the minnesingers and troubadours of the chivalric ages, and lastly, to the quaint metrical chroniclers of remote English and Scottish history. As the art of poetry increased, poems became more and more refined, until, possessing the highest charms to the cultivated taste and delicate ear of the intellectual portion of society, they ceased to interest the public at large, and, falling into disrepute, necessarily fell into disuse. To these succeeded the satiric school, still adhering to the rythmical form, but adapting itself to the taste of the times by a more familiar and sometimes even a burlesque style, by its constant descriptions of, and railing against, the prevalent fashions or follies; and, above all, by the aiming of its shafts at the heads of those, who, being above, are naturally unpopular with the many. After these came the comedian, and, for his hour, none struggled more successfully in the pursuit

* A Romance of Carolina—By the author of "Guy Rivers," "Martin Faber," &c. In two volumes 12mo. New-York, by Harper and Brothers, Cliff-street, 1835.

of applause and fame ;—in his day the follies of the times were glaring, the contrasts abrupt, the peculiarities strongly defined, and the position of individuals in society so unsettled, that men of the most various tastes and habits were for ever clashing ; consequently, in no way could the picture of manners be drawn more correctly or more vividly than by the drama. In the nineteenth century, all these periods are blended into one, except the very earliest. Thanks to the march of the school-master, all men read ; consequently, the author must write for *ALL*. Poetry is needed in the romance, to delight the intellectual and cultivated mind—excitement, bustle, and interest, to fix the attention of the many—a dash of metaphysics, to satisfy the self-imagined philosopher—brilliant situations, lively dialogue, and strong delineations of character, to season the medley. Of these ingredients, it will be found that the novels and romances of the present day are invariably composed. The one describing the customs, satirizing the follies, and giving a body to the spirit of the times ; the other mingling truth with fiction, painting the lights and shadows of history with the gayer colors of the poet's pencil, and aiming still to instruct, while it appears to be bent only on entertaining.

Of the latter description is the *Yemassee*—a historical romance of our own forest-land—rescuing from the oblivion, into which they are too rapidly sinking, a thousand beautiful facts, a thousand fanciful superstitions of the bold spirits, who first reared the standard of civilization in the wilderness, and of the noble race of savages whose places will full soon be vacant on the earth. The period is admirably chosen ; a period of which too little is known, and of which by far too little account has been made in considering the ingredients of our present greatness. It has been too much the case, that we have styled and deemed ourselves descendants of the puritans who settled our eastern states, without calling to mind the gallant gentlemen, the princely cavaliers, who, years before the settlement of Plymouth by the Pilgrims, had reared their youthful cities on the æstuaries of our southern streams. The scene is laid in the district of Beaufort, in South Carolina—the precise epoch that of the accession of the first George to the throne of England—the action of the romance, the rebellion and defeat of the confederated savages ; and the hero, the lord palatine of Carolina—according to the constitution formed for that state by the immortal Locke—Charles Craven, Earl of Derby. On his character, probably, the author has bestowed most pains, and, save in one respect, with great success. It should be premised, that this gentleman is known, until the denouement of the plot, only as Gabriel Harrison, the energetic captain of a partizan corps, organized on the occasion of a previous revolt of the Coosaws. In this character Craven of course plays a part—of reckless, boisterous merriment ; and in this portion of his character, and in this portion only, we cannot congratulate our author on his suc-

cess; but we must not anticipate. The story—to sketch it briefly out, so as to render our subsequent remarks easier of comprehension—runs thus. The Yemassee, the most powerful tribe of the time and country, partly in consequence of the aggressions of the Carolinians, and partly at the instigation of the Spaniards, who then held Florida, have become discontented, and are on the eve of breaking into open hostilities. The governor of Carolina, our hero, suspecting this to be the case, is scouting on the frontiers, at the opening of our narrative, near the Yemassee town of Pocota-ligo. To this measure he is induced, partly by a knowledge of the unprepared and defenceless situation of the white population of the district, and yet more by his affection for Bess Matthews, the daughter of a Puritan minister, who has seriously inclined her ear to his wooings, although contrary to the inclination of her father. The action of the romance opens by the rescue of Sanutee, the war-chief of the Yemassee, by the hero, from one Chorley, a buccaneer and Spanish emissary, who, having come to Pocota-ligo for the purpose of stirring up the savages against the British colonists, has got into an untoward quarrel with the very chief he would propitiate. This incident does not, however, delay the progress of the plot; the injudicious conduct of the whites, in pressing the chiefs of the Yemassee to sell their lands, leads to an instant outbreaking of the fierce savages. The peace-chiefs of the Yemassee, in a scene of great power, are degraded by the cutting out of their flesh the tattooed totem of their tribe, and Oconestoga, the recreant son of Sanutee, escapes only by flight; though he, too, is subsequently taken, and only rescued from degradation by death inflicted by the hand of his mother. Harrison, while scouting, is taken, and reserved till the conclusion of the massacre for execution. In the meantime the insurrection proceeds, the borderers fly for safety to a block-house, which is closely beleaguered by the savages, while all those who have been too proud, or too obstinate to fly, are mercilessly butchered. Among these recusants are the family of the heroine, Bess Matthews—as sweet a creation as ever poet drew. They are, however, saved from immediate slaughter by the intervention of Chorley, who comes up in time to snatch them from the infuriate savages, destining, in his secret soul, Bess Matthews to become his paramour. At this critical moment Harrison is released by Matiwan, the mother of Oconestoga, who is moved by a vague, and, save to her, undiscoverable resemblance to her own hapless son; he hurries to the scene of action; is again surrounded, but saved from instant death by a favorite bloodhound; rushes forward, and accidentally falling upon the rear of a band of Indians, hotly engaged in front with the Carolinians, produces a sudden panic in their tumultuous array; assumes the command; relieves the block-house; arms the slaves of the colony; utterly annihilates the Indian force; and finally rescues his betrothed from the ruffian Chorley, who, baffled in his every aim, is bearing her

off, as the solitary trophy and reward of his iniquity, and slays him with his own hand; receiving from the father, no longer reluctant, the gift of her who had surrendered her affections to him long before. We are compelled, of course, in this hurried sketch, to omit all episodes; and several there are of rare beauty and extraordinary power, one of which, at least, we shall hereafter quote. There is, among the *dramatis personæ*, a discontented borderer, a rejected and jealous lover of the heroine, who attempts the life of the hero, but in the moment of success relents—a heroic female, wife of a trader, who defends the upper chamber of the block-house, alone and unarmed, against the assailant Indians—and lastly, there is a rattlesnake, which fascinates, and is only prevented from destroying, the heroine, by the unerring arrow of *Oconestoga*. It will be observed at once, that, in running over the details of the *Yemassee*, we have adhered to the fortunes of the whites; but we would not therefore have it inferred that they are our favorites; on the contrary, almost all of the most striking scenes, much of the best description, and several of the strongest traits of character, belong to the Indian personages. Indeed we have no hesitation in declaring our opinion, that the *Yemassee* is by far the best representation of the peculiarities of that singular race, that has ever been published. It is beginning to be pretty generally admitted, that the Indians of Cooper, beautiful and striking as they are, if considered as creations, are quite incorrect as portraits; and we know that by our officers and frontiers-men they are considered as mere works of fancy. Before going further, we would quote a brief paragraph from our author, merely to mention our full concurrence with the opinion it contains; and to record the fact, that we have lately heard the very same thoughts expressed by three several individuals, all uniting powers of a high order with the advantage, which accrues to so few men of literary habits, of having seen the Indians in the far-west, where they alone exist in their primeval state and character.

“And here we may remark, that it is rather too much the habit to speak of the Indians, at home and in their native character, as sternly and indifferently cold—people after the fashion of the elder Cato, who used to say that he never suffered his wife to embrace him, except when it thundered—adding, by way of jest, that he was therefore never happy, except when Jupiter was pleased to thunder. We should be careful not to speak of them as we casually see them,—when, conscious of our superiority, and unfamiliar with our language, they are necessarily taciturn, as it is the pride of an Indian to hide his deficiencies. With a proper policy, which might greatly benefit upon circulation, he conceals his ignorance in silence. In his own habitation, uninfluenced by drink, or any form of degradation, and unrestrained by the presence of superiors, he is sometimes even a jester—delights in a joke, practical or otherwise, and is not scrupulous about its niceness or propriety. In his council he is fond of speaking—glories in long talks, and, as he grows old, if you incline a willing ear, even becomes garrulous. Of course, all these habits are restrained by circumstances. He does not chatter when he fights or hunts, and, when he goes to make a treaty, never presumes to say more than he has been taught by his people.”—Vol. II. pp. 80, 81.

In this spirit, is the whole Indian part of the story conducted—we see the domestic habits—we sit by the hearth—we listen to the endearments

—we shudder at the fury, of the savages, without ever forgetting that they are savages. We do not find them acting at one instant as creatures of impulse and of nature, and at another, as civilized men—all is in keeping, and all is beautiful. Indeed, in no respect has this author more wonderfully improved, since the publication of *Guy Rivers*, than in the truth, identity, and distinctness of his characters. In the former, all the personages talked, and thought, nearly in the same style; here each is clearly conceived, and boldly drawn—all stand out, in groups, or in single figures, boldly relieved, and correct in their smallest details. The gallant, princely Craven, a gentleman still in every situation and in every disguise—the out-lawed ruffian, Chorley—the discontented, moody, and metaphysical Hugh Grayson—the brave and burley smith—the faithful simple negro—the stern, self-confiding, and, perhaps, slightly presumptuous puritan—the masculine, and ready-witted, yet withal noble-minded wife of Granger—the sweet, and delicate Bess Matthews—the good Sanutee, the degraded Occonestoga, and the simple Matiwan, are all creations of the most exquisite truth and beauty. The style, too, is much improved. Mr. Simms is given to neologism—somewhat too much so for our taste, as we hold that our language is even now too copious—and in *Guy Rivers* he had indulged himself too largely in this respect; besides which, his meanings were, at times, a little obscure, from his usage of familiar words in unfamiliar senses, and of oddly-constructed phrases; this is, however, by no means so often the case in the *Yemassee*. On the contrary, the language is strong, rich, and melodious, and in many instances, we meet whole pages of what we can call by no other name than poetry—exquisite, true poetry. Another great improvement is, that the metaphysical musings in the *Yemassee*, are given as the author's own, occurring in the course of the narrative, harmonizing with the strain of description, or the course of events, and not crowded into the mouths of individuals, to whose character such meditations are foreign. These little touches of thought are, for the most part, singularly correct, and indicative of considerable acquaintance with the human heart, and, occurring as they do in this work, add much to the pleasure of the reader, to the variety of the style, and last, though not least, to our estimate of the author's understanding. Two or three of these little touches we quote at random.

THE CHARACTER OF HARRISON.

"Some men only live for great occasions. They sleep in the calm—but awake to double life, and unlooked-for activity, in the tempest. They are the zephyr in peace, the storm in war. They smile until you think it impossible they should ever do otherwise, and you are paralyzed when you behold the change which an hour brings about in them. Their whole life in public would seem a splendid deception; and as their mind and feelings are generally beyond those of the great mass which gathers about, and in the end depends upon them, so they continue to dazzle the vision and distract the judgment of those who passingly observe them. Such men become the tyrants of all the rest, and, as there are two kinds of tyranny in the world, they either enslave to cherish, or to destroy."—Vol. II, p. 1.

THE CHARACTER OF CRIME.

"Blood makes the taste for blood—we teach the hound to hunt the victim, for whose entrails he acquires an appetite. We acquire such tastes ourselves from like indulgences. There is a sort of intoxicating restlessness in crime, that seldom suffers it to stop at a solitary excess. It craves repetition—and the relish so expands with indulgence, that exaggeration becomes essential to make it a stimulant. Until we have created this appetite, we sicken at its bare contemplation. But once created, it is impatient of employ, and it is wonderful to note its progress. Thus, the young Nero wept when first called upon to sign the warrant commanding the execution of a criminal. But the ice once broken, he never suffered it to close again. Murder was his companion—blood his banquet—his chief stimulant, licentiousness—horrible licentiousness. He had found out a new luxury."—Vol. II, p. 65.

THE CHARACTER OF LOVE.

"And she was there—the girl of seventeen—confiding, yet blushing at her own confidence, with an affection as warm as it was unqualified and pure. She hung upon his arm—she sat beside him, and the waters of the little brooklet gushed into music as they trickled on by their feet. The air was full of a song of love—the birds sung it—the leaves sighed it—the earth echoed, in many a replication, its delicious burden, and they felt it. There is no life if there be no love. Love is the life of nature—all is unnatural without it.—The golden bowl has no wine, if love be not at its bottom—the instrument has no music, if love come not with the strain. Let me perish—let me perish, when I cease to love—when others cease to love me."—Vol. II, pp. 7, 8.

We regret much that our limits must prevent us from extracting, as largely as we could wish, such passages as are more intimately connected with the action of the work. It abounds with gems of every kind and character, and the principal obstacle to the selector is, the difficulty of choice, when there is so much that is worthy of selection. The whole interview between Bess Matthews and Hugh Grayson, after the discovery by the latter of her love for his rival, we consider to be of singular power and fidelity to nature; as demonstrating the strength which can be ministered to the weakest and most tender spirits, by the consciousness of a well-placed and virtuous affection; but we prefer to quote the effect of her upbraidings, and his own despair upon the sensitive and ill-regulated mind of the discarded lover. It is remarkable, not only for the force of its delineation, and deep interest, but for its perfect keeping with the general character of the person to whom it is attributed, and for the truth and justice of the conclusions.

"Flying from the house, as if by so doing he might lose the thoughts that had roused him there into a paroxysm of that fierce passion, which too much indulgence had made habitual, he rambled, only half-conscious of his direction, from cluster to cluster of the old trees, until the seductive breeze of the evening, coming up from the river, led him down into that quarter. The stream lay before him in the shadow of night, reflecting clearly the multitude of starry eyes looking down from the heavens upon it, and with but a slight ripple, under the influence of the evening breeze, crisping its otherwise settled bosom. How different from his—that wanderer! The disappointed love—the vexed ambition—the feverish thirst for the unknown, perhaps for the forbidden, increasing his agony at every stride which he took along those quiet waters. It was here in secret places, that his passion poured itself forth—with the crowd it was all kept down by the stronger pride, which shrunk from the thought of making its feelings public property. With them he was simply cold and forbidding, or perhaps recklessly and inordinately gay. This was his policy. He well knew how great is the delight of the vulgar mind, when it can search and tent the wound which it discovers you to possess. How it delights to see the victim writhe under its infliction, and, with how much pleasure its ears drink in the groans of suffering, particularly the suffering of the heart. He knew that men are never so well content, once apprized of the sore, as when they are probing it; unheeding the wincings, or enjoying them with the same sort of satisfaction with which the boy tortures the kitten—and he determined, in his case at least,

to deprive them of that gratification. He had already learned how much we are the sport of the many, when we become the victims of the few.

"The picture of the night around him was not for such a mood. There is a condition of mind necessary for the due appreciation of each object and enjoyment, and harmony is the life-principle, as well of man as of nature. That quiet stream, with its sweet and sleepless murmur—those watchful eyes, clustering in the capricious and beautiful groups above, and peering down, attended by a thousand frail glories, into the mirrored waters beneath—those bending trees, whose matted arms and branches, fringing the river, made it a hallowed home for the dreaming solitary—they chimed not in with that spirit, which, now ruffled by crossing currents, felt not, saw not, desired not their influences. At another time, in another mood, he had worshipped them; now, their very repose and softness, by offering no interruption to the train of his own wild musings, rather contributed to their headstrong growth. The sudden tempest had done the work—the storm precedes a degree of quiet which in ordinary nature is unknown.

"Peace, peace—give me peace!" he cried, to the elements. The small echo from the opposite bank, cried back to him, in a tone of soothing, 'peace'—but he waited not for its answer. 'Wherefore do I ask?' he murmured to himself; 'and who is it that I ask? Peace, indeed! Repose, rather—release, escape—a free release from the accursed agony of this still pursuing thought. Is life peace, even with love attained, with conquest, with a high hope realized—with an ambition secure in all men's adoration! Peace, indeed! Thou liest, thou life! thou art an embodied lie,—wherefore dost thou talk to me of peace! Ye elements, that murmur on in falsehood,—stars and suns, streams, and ye gnarled monitors—ye are all false. Ye would sooth, and ye excite, lure, encourage, tempt, and deny. The peace of life is insensibility—the suicide of mind or affection. Is that a worse crime than the murder of the animal? Impossible. I may not rob the heart of its passion—the mind of its immortality; and the death of matter is absurd.—Ha! there is but one to care—but one,—and she is old. A year—a month—and the loss is a loss no longer. There is too much light here for that. Why need these stars see—why should any see, or hear, or know? When I am silent they will shine—and the waters rove on, and she—she will not be less happy that I come not between her and —. A dark spot—gloomy and still, where the groan will have no echo, and no eye may trace the blood which streams from a heart that has only too much within it.'

"Thus soliloquizing, in the aberration of intellect, which was too apt to follow a state of high excitement in the individual before us, he plunged into a small dark cavity of wood, lying not far from the river road, but well concealed, as it was partly under the contiguous swamp. Here, burying the handle of his bared knife in the thick ooze of the soil upon which he stood, the sharp point upwards, and so placed that it must have penetrated, he knelt down at a brief space from it, and, with a last thought upon the mother whom he could not then forbear to think upon, he strove to pray. But he could not—the words stuck in his throat, and he gave it up in despair. He turned to the fatal weapon, and throwing open his vest, so as to free the passage to his heart of all obstructions, with a swimming and indirect emotion of the brain, he prepared to cast himself, from the spot where he knelt, upon its unvarying edge, but at that moment came the quick tread of a horse's hoof to his ear; and with all that caprice which must belong to the mind which, usually good, has yet even for an instant purposed a crime not less foolish than foul, he rose at once to his feet. The unlooked-for sounds had broken the spell of the scene and situation; and seizing the bared weapon, he advanced to the edge of the swamp, where it looked down upon the road which ran alongside. The sounds rapidly increased in force; and at length, passing directly along before him, his eye distinguished the outline of a person whom he knew at once to be Harrison. The rider went by, but in a moment after, the sounds had ceased. His progress had been arrested, and with an emotion, strange and still seemingly without purpose, and for which he did not seek to account, Grayson changed his position, and moved along the edge of the road to where the sounds of the horse had terminated. His fingers clutched the knife, bared for a different purpose, with a strange sort of ecstasy. A sanguinary picture of triumph and of terror rose up before his eyes; and the leaves and the trees, to his mind, seemed of the one hue, and dripping with gouts of blood. The demon was full in every thought. A long train of circumstances and their concomitants crowded upon his mental vision—circumstances of strife, concealment, future success—deep, long-looked for enjoyment—and still, with all, came the beautiful image of Bess Matthews—

'Thus the one passion subject makes of all,
And slaves of the strong sense—'

There was a delirious whirl!—a rich, confused assemblage of the strange, the sweet, the

wild, in his spirit, that in his morbid condition was a deep delight; and without an effort to bring order to the adjustment of this confusion, as would have been the case with a well-regulated mind—without a purpose, in his own view, he advanced cautiously and well-concealed behind the trees, and approached towards the individual whom he had long since accustomed himself only to regard as an enemy. Concealment is a leading influence of crime with individuals not accustomed to refer all their feelings and thoughts to the control of just principles, and the remoteness and the silence, the secrecy of the scene, and the ease with which the crime could be covered up, were among the moving causes which prompted the man to murder, who had a little before meditated suicide.

"Harrison had alighted from his horse, and was then busied in fastening his bridle to a swinging branch of the tree under which he stood. Having done this, and carefully thrown the stirrups across the saddle, he left him, and sauntering back a few paces to a spot of higher ground, he threw himself, with the composure of an old hunter, at full length upon the long grass, which tufted prettily the spot he had chosen. This done, he sounded merrily three several notes upon the horn which hung about his neck, and seemed then to await the coming of another.

"The blast of the horn gave quickness to the approach of Hugh Grayson, who had been altogether unnoticed by Harrison; and he now stood in the shadow of a tree, closely observing the fine, manly outline, the graceful position, and the entire symmetry of his rival's extended person. He saw, and his passions grew more and more tumultuous with the survey. His impulses became stronger as his increasing thoughts grew more strange. There was a feeling of strife, and a dream of blood in his fancy—he longed for the one, and his eye saw the other—a rich, attractive, abundant stream, pouring, as it were, from the thousand arteries of some overshadowing tree. The reasoning powers all grew silent—the moral faculties were distorted with the survey; and the feelings were only so many winged arrows goading him on to evil. For a time, the guardian conscience—that high standard of moral education, without which we cease to be human, and are certainly unhappy—battled stoutly; and taking the shape of a thought, which told him continually of his mother, kept back, nervously restless, the hand which clutched the knife. But the fierce passions grew triumphant, with the utterance of a single name from the lips of Harrison,—that of Bess,—linked with the tenderest epithets of affection. With a fierce fury as he heard it, Grayson sprung forth from the tree, and his form went heavily down upon the breast of the prostrate man.

"Ha! assassin, what art thou?" and he struggled manfully with the assailant, "wherefore—what wouldst thou?—speak!"

"Thy blood—thy blood!" was the only answer, as the knife was uplifted.

"Horrible! but thou wilt fight for it, murderer," was the reply of Harrison, while struggling with prodigious effort, though at great disadvantage from the close-pressed form of Grayson, whose knee was upon his breast, he strove with one hand, at the same moment to free his own knife from its place in his bosom, while aiming to ward off with the other the stroke of his enemy. The whole affair had been so sudden, so perfectly unlooked-for by Harrison, who, not yet in the Indian country, had not expected danger, that he could not but conceive that the assailant had mistaken him for another. In the moment, therefore, he appealed to him.

"Thou hast erred, stranger. I am not he thou seekest."

"Thou liest," was the grim response of Grayson.

"Ha! who art thou?"

"Thy enemy—in life, in death, through the past, and for the long future, though it be endless,—still thine enemy. I hate—I will destroy thee. Thou hast lain in my path—thou hast darkened my hope—thou hast doomed me to eternal woe. Shalt thou have what thou hast denied me? Shalt thou live to win where I have lost? No—I have thee. There is no aid for thee. In another moment, and I am revenged. Die—die like a dog, since thou hast doomed me to live, and to feel like one. Die!"

"The uplifted eyes of Harrison beheld the blade descending in the strong grasp of his enemy. One more effort, one last struggle, for the true mind never yields. While reason lasts, hope lives, for the natural ally of human reason is hope. But he struggled in vain. The hold taken by his assailant was unrelaxing—that of iron; and the thoughts of Harrison, though still he struggled, were strangely mingling with the prayer, and the sweet dream of a passion, now about to be defrauded of its joys for ever—but, just at the moment when he had given himself up as utterly lost, the grasp of his foe was withdrawn. The criminal had relented—the guardian conscience had resumed her sway in time for the safety of both the destroyer and his victim. And what a revulsion of feeling and of sense! How terrible is passion—how terrible in its approach—how more terrible in its passage and departure! The fierce madman, a moment before ready to drink a goblet-draught from the heart of his enemy, now trembled before him,

like a leaf detached by the frost, and yielding at the first breathings of the approaching zephyr. Staggering back as if himself struck with the sudden shaft of death, Grayson sunk against the tree from which he had sprung in his first assault, and covered his hands in agony. His breast heaved like a wave of the ocean when the winds gather in their desperate frolic over its always sleepless bosom; and his whole frame was rocked to and fro, with the moral convulsions of his spirit. Harrison rose to his feet the moment he had been released, and with a curiosity not unmingled with caution, approached the unhappy man.

"What! Master Hugh Grayson!" he exclaimed naturally enough, as he found out who he was, "what has tempted thee to this madness—wherefore?"

"Ask me not—ask me not—in mercy, ask me not. Thou art safe, thou art safe. I have not thy blood upon my hands; thank God for that. It was her blessing that saved thee—that saved me; oh, mother, how I thank thee for that blessing. It took the madness from my spirit in the moment when I would have struck thee, Harrison, even with as fell a joy as the Indian strikes in battle. Go—thou art safe.—Leave me, I pray thee. Leave me to my own dreadful thought—the thought which hates, and would just now have destroyed thee."

"But wherefore that thought, Master Grayson? Thou art but young to have such thoughts, and shouldst take counsel—and why such should be thy thoughts of me, I would know from thy own lips, which have already said so much that is strange and unwelcome."

"Strange, dost thou say," exclaimed the youth with a wild grin, "not strange—not strange. But go—go—leave me, lest the dreadful passion come back. Thou didst wrong me—thou hast done me the worst of wrongs, though, perchance, thou knowest it not. But it is over now—thou art safe. I ask thee not to forgive, but if thou wouldst serve me, Master Harrison—"

"Speak!" said the other, as the youth paused.

"If thou wouldst serve me,—think me thy foe, thy deadly foe; one waiting and in mood to slay, and so thinking, as one bound to preserve himself at all hazard, use thy knife upon my bosom now, as I would have used mine upon thee. Strike, if thou wouldst serve me." And he dashed his hand upon the bared breast violently as he spoke.

"Thou art mad, Master Grayson, to ask of me to do such folly. Hear me but a while"—

"But the other heard him not,—he muttered to himself half incoherent words and sentences.

"First suicide—miserable wretch,—and then, God of Heaven! that I should have been so nigh murder," and he sobbed like a child before the man he had striven to slay, until pity had completely taken the place of every other feeling in the bosom of Harrison. At that moment the waving of a torch-light appeared through the woods at a little distance. The criminal started as if in terror, and was about to fly from the spot, but Harrison interposed and prevented him."—Vol. II, pp. 41—49.

Again we would fain extract entire the scene wherein Bess Matthews is preserved from the rattlesnake by the fugitive Occonestoga—it is beautifully described, and full of poetry, and is, moreover, an embalming, as it were, of one of those old superstitions which are dying away so fast; and it is managed so artfully, that the greatest skeptic in the article of fascination could object in nothing to its details. In like manner, the condemnation of the son of Matiwan, and his death-blow given by the hand of his affectionate mother, that he may at least die undishonored, and go, after death, to the happy hunting grounds of the Yemassee, constitute a passage, which will, we doubt not, be quoted and admired from one end of the Union to the other. Scarcely inferior to these, are the defence of the block-house, to which we alluded above—and the surprisal of the Matthews family by the savages—scenes of that rare and thrilling interest, which causes our breath to flow thick, our color to come and go, and our flesh to shiver, as we read. The death of Sanutee also, the closing chapter of the book, is highly elabo-

rate, touching, and natural ; we, however, prefer selecting the passage wherein Matiwan lulls to sleep by her artifice the warriors, who are on guard over the person of the captive Harrison. It is a fair specimen of the author's acquaintance with Indian habits, of the highly-imaginative style of description, and of the poetic vein which runs through the Yemassee.

"There was one in particular, among the crowd, who regarded him with a melancholy satisfaction. It was Matiwan. As the whole nation had gathered to the sacred town, in which, during the absence of the warriors, they found shelter, she was now a resident of Pocota-ligo. One among, but not of, the rabble, she surveyed the prisoner with an emotion which only the heart of the bereaved mother may define. "How like," she muttered to herself in her own language—"how like to the boy Oconestoga." And as she thought thus, she wondered if Harrison had a mother over the great waters. Sympathy has wings as well as tears, and her eyes took a long journey in imagination to that foreign land. She saw the mother of the captive with a grief at heart like her own ; and her own sorrows grew deeper at the survey. Then came a strange wish to serve that pale mother—to save her from an anguish such as hers ; then she looked upon the captive, and her memory grew active ; she knew him—she had seen him before in the great town of the pale-faces—he appeared a chief among them, and so had been called by her father, the old warrior Etiwee, who, always an excellent friend to the English, had taken her, with the boy Oconestoga—then a mere boy—on a visit to Charlestown. She had there seen Harrison, but under another name. He had been kind to her father—had made him many presents, and the beautiful little cross of red coral, which, without knowing any thing of its symbolical associations, she had continued to wear in her bosom, had been the gift of him who was now the prisoner to her people. She knew him through his disguise—her father would have known—would have saved him—had he been living. She had heard his doom denounced to take place on the return of the war-party ;—she gazed upon the manly form, the noble features, the free, fearless carriage—she thought of Oconestoga—of the pale mother of the Englishman—of her own bereavement—and of a thousand other things belonging naturally to the same topics. The more she thought, the more her heart grew softened within her—the more aroused her brain—the more restless and unrestrainable her spirit.

"She turned away from the crowd as the prisoner was hurried into the dungeon. She turned away in anguish of heart, and a strange commotion of thought. She sought the shelter of the neighboring wood, and rambled unconsciously, as it were, among the old forests. But she had no peace—she was pursued by the thought which assailed her from the first. The image of Oconestoga haunted her footsteps, and she turned only to see his bloody form and gashed head for ever at her elbow. He looked appealingly to her, and she then thought of the English mother over the waters. He pointed in the direction of Pocota-ligo, and she then saw the prisoner, Harrison. She saw him in the dungeon, she saw him on the tumulus—the flames were gathering around him—a hundred arrows stuck in his person, and she beheld the descending hatchet, bringing him the *coup de grace*. These images were full of terror, and their contemplation still more phrensied her intellect. She grew strong and fearless with the desperation which they brought, and rushing through the forest, she once more made her way into the heart of Pocota-ligo.

"The scene was changed. The torches were either burnt out or decaying, and scattered over the ground. The noise was over—the crowd dispersed and gone. Silence and sleep had resumed their ancient empire. She trod, alone, along the great thoroughfare of the town. A single dog ran at her heels, baying at intervals ; but him she hushed with a word of unconscious soothing—ignorant when she uttered it. There were burning feelings in her bosom, at variance with reason—at variance with the limited duty which she owed to society—at variance with her own safety. But what of these ? There is a holy instinct that helps us, sometimes, in the face of our common standards. Humanity is earlier in its origin, and holier in its claims, than society. She felt the one, and forgot to obey the other.

"She went forward, and the prison-house of the Englishman, under the shelter of a father-oak—the growth of a silent century—rose dimly before her. Securely fastened with stout thongs on the outside, the door was still farther guarded by a couple of warriors lying upon the grass before it. One of them seemed to sleep soundly, but the other was wakeful. He lay at length, however, his head upraised, and resting upon one of his palms—his elbow lifting it from the ground. The other hand grasped the

hatchet, which he employed occasionally in chopping the earth just before him. He was musing rather than meditative, and the action of his hand and hatchet, capricious and fitful, indicated a want of concentration in his thought. This was in her favor. Still there was no possibility of present approach unperceived; and to succeed in a determination only half-formed in her bosom, and in fact, undesigned in her head, the gentle but fearless woman had resource to some of those highly ingenious arts, so well known to the savage, and which he borrows in most part from the nature around him. Receding, therefore, to a little distance, she carefully sheltered herself in a small clustering clump of bush and brush, at a convenient distance for her purpose, and proceeded more definitely to the adjustment of her design.

"Meanwhile, the yet wakeful warrior looked round upon his comrade, who lay in a deep slumber between himself and the dungeon entrance. Fatigue and previous watchfulness had done their work with the veteran. The watcher himself began to feel these influences stealing upon him, though not in the same degree, perhaps, and with less rapidity. But, as he looked around, and witnessed the general silence—his ear detecting with difficulty the drowsy motion of the zephyr among the thick branches over head, as if that slept also—his own drowsiness crept more and more upon his senses. Nature is thronged with sympathies, and the undiseased sense finds its kindred at all hours, and in every situation.

"Suddenly, as he mused, a faint chirp, that of a single cricket, swelled upon his ear from a neighboring grove. He answered it, for great were his imitative faculties. He answered it, and from an occasional note, it broke out into a regular succession of chirpings, sweetly timed, and breaking the general silence of the night with an effect utterly indescribable, except to watchers blessed with a quick imagination. To these, still musing and won by the interruption, he sent back a similar response; and his attention was suspended, as if for some return. But the chirping died away in a click scarcely perceptible. It was succeeded, after a brief interval, by the faint note of a mock-bird—a sudden note, as if the minstrel, starting from sleep, had sent it forth unconsciously, or, in a dream, had thus given utterance to some sleepless emotion. It was soft and gentle as the breathings of a flower. Again came the chirping of the cricket—a broken strain—capricious in time, and now seeming near at hand, now remote and flying. Then rose the whizzing hum, as of a tribe of bees suddenly issuing from the hollow of some neighboring tree; and then, the clear, distinct tap of the woodpecker—once, twice, and thrice. Silence, then,—and the burden of the cricket was resumed, at the moment when a lazy stir of the breeze in the branches above him seemed to solicit the torpor from which it occasionally started. Gradually the successive sounds, so natural to the situation, and so grateful and congenial to the ear of the hunter, hummed his senses into slumber. For a moment, his eyes were half-reopened, and he looked round vacantly upon the woods, and upon the dying flame of the scattered torches—and then upon his fast sleeping comrade. The prospect gave additional stimulant to the dreamy nature of the influences growing about and gathering upon him. Finally, the trees danced away from before his vision—the clouds came down close to his face; and, gently accommodating his arm to the support of his dizzy and sinking head, he gradually and unconsciously sunk beside his companion, and, in a few moments, enjoyed a slumber as oblivious."—Vol. II, pp. 83—87.

Our extracts have already extended to so great a length, that we have but room for a very brief summary. We admired Guy Rivers highly, both as a work indicating rare talents, and as a promise of much higher things to come. The proof that we were correct, in the first point, lies in the great popularity and extended sale of that novel; in the second, we fearlessly refer to the Yemassee. We have no hesitation in placing it above any romance of native production on a native subject. There are faults—several, but trifling, faults—both of manner and matter in the work before us; but the thoughts and style are equally original—the first are generally unexceptionable, and if the latter were fully equal to them, we know few writers of fiction, whom we could unhesitatingly prefer to the author of the Yemassee.

THE GUARDIAN GENIUS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.*

"Poesy is the guardian angel of humanity in all ages."

In childhood, sitting in the garden shade,
 By flowering citron, or pink almond tree,
 When the spring's breath, that round the arbor played,
 My neck caressing, tossed my tresses free—
 A voice I heard, so sweet, so wild and deep,
 Joy thrilled my frame that owned its magic spell;
 'Twas not the wind, the bell, the reed's soft sweep,
 Nor infant's voice, nor man's, in murmuring swell:
 My guardian genius! Oh, the voice was thine!
 'Twas thou, whose spirit communed then with mine!

When, later, from a lover doomed to part,—
 Past those dear hours when by the shade we met—
 When his last kiss resounded to the heart
 That 'neath his hand's fond pressure, trembled yet—
 The selfsame voice, deep in my bosom pleading,
 Rang in mine ear with still entrancing power;
 'Twas not his tone—'twas not his step receding—
 Nor lover's echoed songs in trelliced bower;—
 My guardian genius! Oh! the voice was thine!
 'Twas thou, whose spirit communed still with mine!

When, a young mother, round my peaceful hearth
 I brought those gifts which bounteous Heaven had sent,
 While at my door the figtree flung the earth
 Its fruits, by hands of eager children bent—
 A voice, vague, tender, swelled within my breast,
 'Twas not the wild bird's note—the cock's shrill cry—
 Nor breath of infants in their cradled rest—
 Nor fisher's chant, blent with the surge's sigh;—
 My guardian genius! Oh! the voice was thine!
 'Twas thou, whose spirit mixed its song with mine!

Now lone and old, with scattered locks and white,
 The wood my shelter from the tempest's sweep,
 My shrivelled hands warmed by the fires they light,
 My gentle kids, my infant charge I keep,
 That bidden voice yet in this breast forlorn
 Enchants, consoles me with its ceaseless song;
 It is no more the voice of life's young morn,
 Nor his fond tone whom I have wept so long.

My guardian genius! still, yes, still 'tis thine!
 'Tis thou, whose spirit dwells and mourns with mine!

E. F. E.

* The above song, from Lamartine's "Destinies of Poetry," is supposed to be sung by the female peasants of Calabria.

THE GALLERY OF A MISANTHROPE.

NUMBER TWO.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Trim the gay taper in the rustic dome,
To light the little paradise of home.

THESE lines were in the heart of Henry Walton, as—after a day of more than ordinary fatigue, he drew near at evening to his humble home beside the Hudson, and saw the glimmering light from his cottage window—with a quickened step, and a gladdened heart, he hurried forward—"Julia," thought he, "will be waiting for me; and sweet little Harry, my bright-eyed boy, 'tis past his bed-time. I shall miss, this evening, his winning smiles, and sweet infantile carresses." Henry Walton had been married more than two years, to one whom he thought—but why dwell upon what the poor fool thought—she *was* fair—fair as the first opening blossom of spring; and her form—'twas cast in nature's most faultless mould. Walton thought her—What! You will have it?

He thought her, then, what you—and you—and you—and every other fond, deluded fool, that doats on woman, think your painted idol. Walton soon reached the threshold, he entered that cottage—the shrine of his heart's divinity. Julia greeted him with a woman's ready smile—"Dear Walton! Home at last—how late you stayed to-night."

"Later than usual, I acknowledge, sweet friend, but you know I am the slave of business."

"Ah, yes," said Julia, with an air of playful reproach, "the slave of business—no longer the slave of love!"

"Nay, Julia—there you wrong me. You know that I am ever the slave of love—ever a willing captive in these sweet fetters"—

Cursed be the pen that traces the history of those endearments—and double cursed the hell fiend, memory, that brings back the hated theme.

But why this passion—what have I in common with the fond, deluded man—the false, the cheating woman. Am I not a misanthrope?—Down, busy fiend! I'll tell my tale in a more fitting spirit.

Their evening meal—a frugal meal, for Walton was not rich—was over. "Julia," said he, "you will be surprised to hear that I, to whom company is generally an annoyance, expect a visitor this evening. I met Horace Latimer this morning, and invited him to spend an hour with us, and partake of our supper—but Julia, you are nervous—how you start at the name of Latimer; is there any thing so very terrible

in the idea of my friend Horace? I always thought he was a favorite of yours."

"Oh, yes—Oh, no!" stammered Julia—"that is—yes—I like Mr. Latimer very well as an acquaintance—nothing more."

"Well, Julia, I am glad to hear it—though I must say, you have not expressed very strongly, or at least, very clearly, the good feelings which I trust you have, and always will cherish, towards my friend."

"Oh, Yes! Certainly, as your friend.—But what did he say?" she inquired eagerly—"Will he come?"

"Yes—though when I first asked him, he started, and blushed, very much as you did just now; at last he made out to say, he would not fail me, and hurried away. To tell the truth, I was particularly anxious he should come, as I have a present for him—a memorial of our long friendship."

"Have you been friends so long, Walton?" said Julia in a musing tone.

"Since childhood, Julia, our friendship has known no abatement, no change, since it began beside the Mohawk. I think, dear Julia, I never mentioned that adventure to you. Indeed, I do not like to speak of it, in general, it looks too much like boasting; but to you, who know my heart, I'll tell the story.

"Many years ago, when I was but a lad, and Horace Latimer a mere child, his parents and himself joined the throng of visitors, with which, in summer, my hospitable father always took care Walton manor should be crowded. Among the various amusements for the boys, the favorite one was bathing; in this Horace, who was then only ten years old, was not allowed by his fond, anxious parents, to join—he was their only child. One day, when all the usual party were ready for the river, Horace came to me, and begged that I would ask from his father, with whom I was a favorite, permission to take him with me. I did so; and, after some hesitation, my request was granted—not, however, till I had pledged myself to take particular care of him, and added, in a half-jesting mood, 'I will not return without him.' We went—once in the river, I forgot my charge, and thought nothing of the boy, till I heard his scream, far, far down the current. With that venturesome spirit, still so natural to him, Horace had gone beyond his depth, and now the rapid current was sweeping him to destruction—I remembered my promise, 'I will not return without him'—in a moment I was darting down the stream; I gained the spot where I had last seen the drowning boy, and dived for him.—I reached the bottom, and groped around—but in vain—I rose to the surface—one gasp of pure air, and again I was groping in the depths below—but my strength was gone, and sense had almost gone with it—when my hand touched the face of Horace Latimer; the touch roused me to exertion—I grasped his hair, and together we rose to the surface. I shouted for help, and struggled to support myself and my lifeless burden, but I felt that my strength was

gone—that gradually we were sinking ; I looked, as I thought, my last on the pure blue sky, and the green richness of the wooded shores.— Oh ! how beautiful, how exquisitely beautiful these seemed at that moment !—’twas gone—all was dark !—I remember nothing more, till I was roused by some one trying to unclench my hand, and force the hair of Horace from my grasp ; I resisted—‘ No ! no ! ’ I screamed ‘ I will not let go, I promised not to return without him ; Horace we will die together.’ The exertion recalled my scattered senses ; I opened my eyes—my dear father was hanging over me, and I heard him say, ‘ My noble boy ! true to the last ! ’ From that moment, Horace Latimer has been my friend—but stay, he is here. Julia, not a hint of this to Latimer—he feels already, too deeply, what he calls his debt of gratitude.”

Latimer entered ; he was warmly received by his friend—and kindly, though in a somewhat embarrassed manner, by Julia. The evening passed away pleasantly, though not gayly. After supper, Walton opened a bottle of his old port, and tried to cheer his guest, and give to the conversation a sprightlier tone, but in vain ; a weight seemed to hang on the mind of Latimer, and Julia was agitated and embarrassed. At length, Walton produced a small red casket, and turning to Latimer, said—

“ Here, my dear friend, is a present I have long promised myself the pleasure of making you. ’Tis the miniature of your dear father, you remember when he gave it me, the day before he died.”—

“ Yes, yes,” interrupted Latimer, “ I remember it well, and also the charge he gave me. You, Walton, had reduced yourself from wealth almost to poverty, to relieve my father from the oppressive load of debt and difficulty which was crushing his noble spirit—your generosity saved him from the trials, and humiliation of poverty, and well I remember that my dying father bequeathed the debt of gratitude, which he could only acknowledge, not repay to his son—and I will pay it—aye, though my heart break in the effort.”

Horace Latimer spoke in a loud enthusiastic tone, and he grasped the hand of Walton, and looked into his face with a frank, and self-assured air—but his whole manner changed in a moment, when Julia murmured, in her softest, most winning tone—“ Have you a heart, Latimer ? ” Walton heard her not—he had turned away to hide the emotion which swelled in his heart at the recollection of the grateful old man—he heard her not, nor the hesitating reply of Latimer.

“ Yes—yes, Julia,” said he, “ I have a heart—and it is all yours.”

“ Remember, then—to-night”—she whispered—Walton turned again towards his friend, and gave the miniature.

“ Take it, dear Latimer—I could not part with it, even to you, till I had a copy made—that is now finished, and the original is yours.”

“ Thanks ! thanks !—a thousands thanks, my dear, dear friend ! ” said Latimer—

"Nay! nay! No more of that; but look on the back of the locket—the hair that used to be there I have divided, and there is a vacant space. When I am dead, Latimer, let a lock of my hair fill that place—you start. Am I too bold, to ask that my memory should be associated with that of your venerable parent?—But, fie on my gloomy mood—I have quite unmanned you, Latimer—and see, the tears in Julia's eyes, too—Forgive me, friends.—Let us think no more on such sad subjects."

"True, dear Walton," said the smiling Julia—"let us think no more of it—*think no more of it*"—she repeated, in a low emphatic tone, in the ear of Latimer. "Now I will fill a glass for each, and we will drink to our future happiness."

"Right, Julia! Right, my best beloved!—fill our glasses, and one for your sweet self, and we will drink to 'our future happiness.'—But stay, Julia, you forget your guest—give the first glass to Latimer."

"Nay! nay, Walton! this is yours—Mr. Latimer, I will help afterwards."

"But, Julia!"

"What, Walton! will you refuse a glass from your own Julia?"

He took it; then she filled a glass for Latimer, and for herself;—they only touched the glasses to their lips, as they murmured, "to our future happiness," but Walton drank his off at a draught.

'Twas drugged, Julia had drugged the glass she pressed so eagerly to her husband's lips—he swallowed it, fell back in his chair, and in a moment was senseless. Was it poison?—Murder? No, no—a fiend would have been merciful, and doomed the wretch to death—but she was woman, and she only sought to steep his senses in forgetfulness, till she and her vile paramour could escape; and then, when all was gone—happiness, and hope, quite gone—he should awake to his misery.—He did so, he awoke—he knew all; but nature was more kind than woman, and before the next sun set, Walton forgot Julia in the ravings of delirium. Days passed by, ere he returned to himself; then he asked for his child—Heaven had been merciful to him—it was dead! "Now," said he, "I have but one duty—one thought—one hope—one object, in life."

They fled—that guilty pair!—In a far distant land, they thought to hide their infamy, and riot, undisturbed, in their unhallowed joys; but the avenger was behind them—with the bloodhound instinct of revenge, he tracked their path; at last, they paused in their flight,—'twas in a sweet spot—a deep secluded dell in bright-skyed Italy. "Here," said they, "shall be our bower of bliss; this shall be our home; here we will be happy." In the evening, Horace walked out to enjoy the coolness of the breeze, and feast his eyes on the beauties of the scenery; he gazed with delight upon the vine-clad hills, and the orange groves, that nearly covered the valleys. Far up the gorge, from near the summit of a lofty peak, sprang out a little rivulet, leaping from rock to rock,

the foaming water reached the vale—once there, it partook of the sweet quiet of the place, and scarce gave out a murmur, as it glided through the meadows.—Ere it left the valley, it swelled out into a tiny lake, whose calm and sheltered water, gave an almost unbroken image of each tree, and shrub, and flower, that crowded its margin. Back from the lake, half hid by the foilage, was the rustic villa, which the lovers had chosen as their home.

As Horace looked on this scene, his heart was full of love and Julia—"Julia," he said—"dearest—best beloved! Now you are mine—for ever mine." The lover's murmured words of tender happiness were not unheard; they fell upon the ear of one, to the gall of whose envenomed heart those sweet words added bitterness—but one for whom revenge was preparing a rich feast—*Walton heard them!* In a moment he stood before the astonished lover—"Villain! villain!" he shouted—"I have tracked you over half the world's wild span—we are met at last—met to part no more. Here—take this, and choose your ground."

Horace, though surprised, was no coward. No! Vile as he was—guilty as he was—he was brave. He took the offered pistol, without a word—indeed, a glance at Walton's bloodshot eyes, and haggard features, would have convinced him that words were vain—he took the pistol; Walton stepped back a pace or two, and then, with an exulting voice, he gave the words—"One, two, three, fire!" At the last word, both pistols rang out on the evening air; the hand of the excited lover trembled—he fired without effect. Not so Walton; his heart was stone—his nerves were iron—his ball swerved not an inch from its mark—it pierced the very heart of his enemy.

What needs more words.—A shrieking maniac, who had been Julia, was, a few days afterwards, conveyed to the mad-house at H—. And *he*, the victim of her crimes—the victim of woman's love—did he seek peace in the grave? or did he fly to the cloister to hide his miseries among the living dead? No!—he fled not; he returned to the world; he walked the thronged paths of men—among them, but not of them;—and, as the thoughtless sons of pleasure marked his lowering brow—his sunken cheek—his haggard countenance—and the wild gleamings of his restless eye, they said—"Fool! fool!—he trusts not the faith of man!" Then came the smiling daughter of vanity—and, as she pointed the finger of scorn at the gaunt frame of the poor victim of mental agony, she lisped out—"Wretch! wretch!—he doubts the virtue of woman!" They were right—he ceased to believe in man's faith, or woman's virtue—he became A MISANTHROPE.

Mizo.

FIRE ISLAND ANA.*

It was during an Indian summer week of hearty, brown October, that Oliver Paul, Ned Locus, and I, once made a shooting party, and drove Ned's sorrel mares to Jim Smith's, at Scio, and thence bent canvass for the Fire Islands, to try the brant.

Before going on with my story, it may, perhaps, be dutiful in me, and desirable on behalf of people who have never studied geography, to specify the condition of the said islands. We will accomplish this cheerful office, straightway. In brief, then, they made their first appearance in the country, after a hard earthquake, some five or six hundred years ago, on the southern coast of Matowacs, latitude forty degrees and forty minutes north; longitude, seventy-three degrees and one minute west; near the occidental end of Raccoon beach. They are two in number, and contain in the whole, at low water, about fifty acres of marsh and mud, disposed with irregular and careless grace, and scalloped into jutting points and circling bays. The principal inhabitants are gulls, and meadow-hens. The climate is saline and salubrious. The chief products of the soil are, sedge-grass, birds' eggs, and clams. Yet, not unknown to "human face divine," nor ignorant of the lofty enterprise, and gentle mercies, of trade, do those points and bays lie profitless. For, there John Alibi salutes the fading morning star, and the coming sun, with the heavy volleys of his yet cherished flint-lock muskets; and the tumbling wild-fowl splashing into the midst of his stool, bleed out their murdered lives, while he, reloading, counts the profits of his eager shot, and sees, with his mind's eye, the gasping victims already picked, and stalled in Fulton market. Hence, live and flourish, all the little Alibis; and hence, the princess widow, gentle mistress of the soil, rejoices in a welcome revenue.

Brother sportsmen, let me introduce to your judicious affection, my friend and comrade, Oliver Paul.—Oliver, the people. He is a plain unpretending tiller, and a lord, moreover, of the land: a Quaker, you see—regular Hicksite—and like all *friends* that I ever yet knew, he is sometimes wet, and sometimes dry. Still, he is *semper idem*—always the same—and has been such for fifty years—in hot, and in cold—in total abstinence, and in generous imbibition. As Oliver is warm-hearted, I love him; as he is a good shot, I honor him; and as he can pull a discreet oar, foretell, to a certainty, where the wind is going to be on

* PRIVATE NOTE TO THE EDITORS.—"Good sirs: I cannot deny to you the right to require a declaration of the identities of the place, and persons, touching which I have heretofore told familiar anecdotes in your monthly; since, you say, scandal is afloat, and the wrong men are pointed at. I give you, therefore, herewith part of the andro-and-geography solicited. Should you hear any thing more, please address me, through the post-office, to the care of my uncle, Jeremiah Cypress, porter of the Pearl-street Bank.
Respectfully, J. C. Jr."

the morrow, and mark down a crippled bird more truly than any man in the republic, I always get him to go with me upon my shooting expeditions. Oliver has but few eccentric qualities. His religion is as the religion of Hicksites "in general:" his philosophy is comprised in the sententious apothegm, which is applied upon all occasions and occurrences, "some pork will boil that way:" his morals—; he is a bachelor, and though of a most unmatrimonial composition, he is incessantly talking of taking a wife, or, as he terms it, "flying in" with a woman. Though from principle, and the rules of his creed, opposed to both national and individual wars, yet, strike him, and he will not turn to you his other cheek, for a repetition of the temptation. He *may* not strike back, but, (as they do at yearly meeting, when *friends* cannot agree upon the choice of a clerk,) he will most certainly *shove* you, as he would say, "like rotten." His most characteristic trait is his superintendence of the morals and manners of his neighbors. So bountiful is his benevolence, that to protect the reputation of a friend, he scruples not to unlace and scarify his own. Walk out with him, and meet a ruddy-cheeked Rosina with a coquettish eye, that puts the very devil into you, "don't look, don't look, boys," he'll cry, and dig his elbows into your side, to enforce obedience to the precept, while he himself is staring into her face, until the morning-tint vermilion of her virgin-blushes is lost in the scarlet—and—and—confusion—and—somebody finish that;—and then, he'll drain the last drop of liquor from the jug, for the sole, charitable purpose of preserving his brother sportsman's nerves steady. You know him now, and I have nothing more to say, except to warn you, as a friend, if you should ever be out with him in the bay, on a cold November day, on short allowance, watch your fluids.

Ned Locus.—Ned is a young gentleman, who spends his money, and shoots, and fishes, and tells tough yarns, for a living. His uncle manages his estate, for although Ned is now of age, yet he don't want to deprive the old man of the commissions; and, besides, ever since Ned got his bachelor's diploma, he has forgotten his Greek and Trigonometry, without which, no man can be an executor. Ned, although not strictly pious, delights not in things of this world. Mere terrestrial axioms know no lodgement in his confidence. His meditations and labors are in another sphere, an universe of his own creation. And yet, he believes himself to be a plain, practical, matter-of-fact man; one who has no fancy, who never tells his dreams for truths, nor adds a single bird or fish in the story of the sum total of his successes. There is no design, upon his part, in the choice of his place of existence, or the description of his sensations, and actions. The fault, if any, lies in his original composition; his father and mother are to be blamed for it, not he. His eyes and ears are not as the eyes and ears of other men, and, truly, so is not his tongue. There is an investiture of unearthliness about every thing he sees and hears. By day, and by night, he is

contemplating a constant mirage. He never admired a woman on account of her having flesh, blood, bosom, lips, and such things; but, while he gazed, he worshipped some fairy incarnation, that enveloped and adorned her with unearthly grace, and hypercelestial sweetnesses. Even in his reading he is an original. He never gives to a fine passage in Shakspeare its ordinary interpretation; but the brilliant light of the poet's thought, is crooked, and thrown off, and sometimes made a caricature rainbow of, by the refraction of his cloudy imagination. His aunt sent him, one new-year's day, when he was at college, an old copy of the Septuagint, which she had picked up at the auction sale of the effects of a demised ecclesiastic. On receiving the present, he wrote upon the fly-leaf, what he considered to be the apposite sentiments of Mark Antony—

“Let but the commons hear this testament,
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read;”—

That was Ned, all over. With such a constitution, it is quite possible that he may seem, to those men who always want the actual proof of a thing, chapter and verse, to be rather given to romance. Ned hates such people. So do I. They are without faith, earthbound, and live by sense alone, grossly.

I am—I don't know what I am, exactly. I'm a distant relative of Ned,—a blossom off one of the poor branches of the family. I “expect” I'm a kind of a loafer. I'm Ned's friend, and he's mine. I'm his moralist, and minister, and tiger, and kind of tutor, and he lends me money. I certainly intend to repay him;—though I don't owe him much now, by the by, for I have won all the bets we have made lately, as might naturally be presumed—Ned always bets so wildly. We keep along pretty square. Ned's a good fellow. If I only say, “Ned, I'm rather short, to-day, how are you?” he'll give me a draft on his uncle for a cool hundred. We play picquet, too, now and then, and cassino, and all-fours, a little. I can beat him at those games. I keep my account with the Tea-water Pump. I *have* thought of getting into some kind of business,—I think I am calculated for it; but my affection for Ned will not permit me to leave him. We were both “licked” by Joe Nelson, (the blind schoolmaster,) and hectored by his twin-headed understrapper; and we were classmates in old Columbia, and put into practice the doctrines of forces, and action and reaction at Robinson's, during intermission hours, and were always together. So we ride about and take our comfort.

There was one eminent qualification, which was possessed by each of the trio above outlined, in monopoly without statute. We could each cut down a leather-head, flying by a point of marsh before a strong north-wester, sixty yards off, nineteen times out of twenty. That is a fact; and there are not many men beside us and John Verity, and Raynor Rock, who are up to that performance. Uncle Ben Raynor could do it once, and Dan thinks he can do it now; but, as Peter Pro-

basco says, "I have my doubts." Multitudinous sportsmen may shoot *well*, but none but a man of true genius can shoot *splendidly*. Shooting, in its refinement and glory, is not an acquired art. A man must be a born shot as much as he must be a born poet. You may learn to wing-break a starved pigeon, sprung out of a trap, fifteen or twenty yards off, but to stop a cock in a thick brake, where you can see him only with the eye of faith: or to kill a vigorous coot, cutting the keen air, at daybreak, at the rate of three miles a minute, requires an eye, and a hand, and a heart, which science cannot manufacture. The doctrine of Pliny, the naturalist, contained in his chapter on black ducks, is correct beyond a question. "*Legere et scribere, est pædagogi, sed optime collineare, est Dei.*" Reading and writing are inflicted by schoolmasters, but a crack shot is the work of God. "Them's my sentiments," as Peter again says.

The same doctrine has been truly declared of angling. No genuine piscator ever tabernacled at Fireplace, or Stump-pond, who could not exhibit proofs of great natural delicacy, and strength of apprehension—I mean of "things in general," including fish. But the "*vis vivida animi*," the "*os magna sonans*," the "*manus mentis*," the divine rapture of the seduction of a trout, how few have known the apotheosis! The creative power of genius can make a feather-fly live, and move, and have being; and a wisely-stricken fish gives up the ghost in transports. That puts me in mind of a story of Ned Locus. Ned swears that he once threw a fly so far, and delicately, and suspendedly, that just as it was dropping upon the water, after lying a moment in the scarcely-moving air, as though it knew no law of gravity, it actually took life and wings, and would have flown away, but that an old four-pounder, seeing it start, sprang and jumped at it, full a foot out of his element, and changed the course of the insect's travel, from the upper air to the bottom of his throat. That is one of Ned's, and I do not guarantee it; but such a thing might be. Insects are called into being in a variety of mysterious ways, as all the world knows: for instance, the animalculæ that appear in the neighborhood of departed horses; and, as Ned says, if death can create life, what is the reason a smart man can't? Good fishermen are generally great lawyers: *ecce signa*, Patrick Henry, and Daniel Webster. I have known this rule, however, to have exceptions. But the true sportsman is always, at least, a man of genius, and an honest man. I have either read or heard some one say, and I am sure it is the fact, that there never was an instance of a sincere lover of a dog, gun, and rod, being sent to bridewell or penitentiary. Jails they did whilom affect, before John Doe and Richard Roe were banished from the state, and when an unhappy devil might be held to bail to answer for his misfortunes; but although they have experienced much affliction under the issue of "*non assumpsit*," never was there one who suffered judgment upon the finding of a jury on

the plea of "not guilty." If I were governor, and knew a case, I would exert the pardoning power without making any inquiry. I should determine, without waiting to hear a single fact, that the man was convicted by means of perjury. There is a plain reason for all this. A genuine sportsman must possess a combination of virtues, which will fill him so full that no room can be left for sin to squeeze in. He must be an early riser, (to be which is the beginning of all virtue,) ambitious, temperate, prudent, patient of toil, fatigue, and disappointment, courageous, watchful, intent upon his business, always ready, confident, cool, kind to his dog, civil to the girls, and courteous to his brother sportsmen. Hold up.

This discourse hath brought us in front of the fishing-hut of Raynor Rock, near the lighthouse on the beach. Rest thee, now, most weary reader, (for we have had a long sail, with a head wind, and a wet sheet,) while I rehearse the causes that have brought Sir Raynor, and his crew of twenty picked boys,—picked up along shore,—down to this desolate spot. Streaked bass and wild fowl are the motives of their sojournment. The former are sparkling in the surf, and making love to, and eating up each other; the latter cluster in the inlets, and stream above the breakers. The net carries into captivity them of the sea; powder and shot superinduce widowhood and orphanage upon the tenants of the air. Fulton market, and the cooks of the board of aldermen know the rest. Hence arise wise ordinances, and stomachs sleek; and Raynor and the boys are glad in the silver music that rings in their pressed-down pockets. "*Proba merx facile emptorem invenit.*"

We arrived at Raynor's, just about dark, and the boys had all turned in, to get a good nap, before the tide served for drawing the seine,—all but Raynor, who was half sitting, half lying on the plentiful straw by the fire in the centre of the hut, smoking his quiet pipe. We entered, and grasped the welcoming hand of as clever a fellow, (both Yankee and English clever,) as ever sat foot on Matowacs.

"Hullo! hullo! hullo! wake up, boys! wake up! Here's Mr. Cypress, and Ned Locust, and Oliver Paul!—By gad, I'm glad to see ye.—How are ye! how are ye!"

How d'ye do! how d'ye do, fellows? Give us your fist, Raynor. Peter, what the d—l brought *you* down here? Dan, alive? how are ye, how are ye all?

At Raynor's call, the boys sprang up from their straw and pea-jackets, upon which they had been snoring in their sleeping places around the floor of the mansion, and rushed upon us with unaffected gratulation. The story of the reception can be briefly told. There were three of us, and twenty of them, and we all and each jointly and severally said, "how have you been? Pretty well, thank ye;" and shook hands. Make the calculation yourself. While you are cyphering it out, I'll stop and rest.

THE WYANDOT'S STORY.*

"The mouth of the white man," began the Wyandot, "speaks loud words; the tongue of Charcha shall only utter truth. The Great Spirit, who looks into the bottom of the hearts of men, shall witness that Charcha does not add one to the number of his wrongs. Forty summers have now passed, since Winteheh was head-man among the Wyandots; he was a great chief—wise at the council-fire—terrible in battle; yet was Winteheh mild and gentle to his friends—and in his wigwam, peace ever dwelt. Theheti, the young Swan, was the fairest among the daughters of the Iroquois; and when, after she had borne him three sons, a daughter was added, the chief of the Wyandots could ask nothing more from the Great Spirit—he was happy.

They lived on the borders of The Beautiful River;† the woods gave bear, and deer, to the rifle of Winteheh, and the maize grew tall, and fresh, under the care of Theheti. The Wyandots had buried the hatchet, and exchanged the wampum of peace, with the Miamis. The Delawares had made themselves women, had taken the hoe and laid down the rifle. Then a messenger came from the great father, the Sagernash‡ king. The Chemocomauns§ had risen against their father, and he wished his red children to join with his warriors, and bring the young ones to reason.

The Wyandots opened their ears to the words of their great father; they dug up the hatchet, and it was soon made red with the blood of the Long-knives. Many scalps were taken to the warriors of our great father on the lakes, and blankets, and medals, and powder, were plenty in the wigwams of the Wyandots. At last came some, who would have filled the ears of Winteheh with tales that his great father, the king, had buried the hatchet, and made peace with the Long-knives—but the chief shut his ears to such tales.

"My great father," said he, "would not do this, without first telling his red children, that we might all smoke the calmut of peace together."

Yet it was so. The great king had been beaten by his children, and he made peace, forgetting the Wyandots, who had taken up the hatchet in his cause.

Then came a warrior from the Long-knives; he spoke of peace. Winteheh opened his ears. "The great west," said the 'mocomau,' "is open to the Wyandots; let then their white brethren, the Americans, have one little spot on the borders of The Beautiful River, and the

* From an unpublished manuscript work, entitled "Legends of a Log-Cabin."

† The Ohio. ‡ British. § Americans. Literally Long-knives.

hatchet shall be buried so deep in the ground, that no man shall hereafter be able to find it."

The words of peace were ever sweet to the ears of Winteheh—he gave the white man much land—more than he asked—"Only," said he, "let this spot be reserved to Winteheh and his old men; the young warriors will go to hunt the deer, far, far towards the great lakes." It was so.

Winteheh remained at his wigwam by The Beautiful River—and the maize still sprang up, fresh and green, in the fields of Theheti. There the children of Winteheh grew up, and the soul of the Wyandot rejoiced in the thought, that his sons would be first among the warriors of his nation. Outesie, the Bending Flower, was fair as her mother; and when she decked her hair with wreaths of bright flowers, and looked with her smiling eyes in the face of her father, the heart of the great chief was soft, and war and the hunting grounds were forgotten in the beauty of his child.

Higachee, the first son of Winteheh, was now a strong youth—his father said to him, "Take this rifle—the great king, Sagernash, gave it to Winteheh many summers ago—take it, and be a brave. To-morrow, I go to hunt the deer at the Licks, you shall go with me—a good hunter is, in the eyes of the Great Spirit, next a brave warrior."

At the dawn of day, the Wyandot and his son left the wigwam. Theheti feared nothing—there was peace with the Miamis, the Delawares were women, and the Long-knives had buried the hatchet in a forgotten place. Three days passed—the fourth had been named by Winteheh, for his return; yet he came not. Another—and another day—still the wigwam of Theheti was void, and grief was in her heart. The tenth sun was sinking in the west, when a poor wounded boy crept towards the wigwam—one broken arm hung motionless by his side; his cheeks were hollow, and his eye looked dim, and his back—on his back was the mark of the lash. Yes! the lash had cut deep into the flesh of the son of Winteheh!—for it was Higachee. Outesie tore her hair, and wept aloud at the sight of her brother. The Young Swan looked not on her child, her thoughts were with her absent husband—"Where is he?" she cried—"where is the Great Chief?"

Higachee spake not—his spirit was dead; he glared round the wigwam with a dull stony eye, and fell to the ground. He was not a great chief—he was only a boy, and shame—the lash—the white man's whip, had made his heart soft. We raised him from the floor; Outesie brought milk to drink, and fresh water to bathe his skin. The boy recovered, and the Young Swan again screamed in his ear—"Where is your father? Dog! where is the Great Chief?"

"Dead! dead! dead!"

Yes, Winteheh was dead, slain by the white man's rifle, and his son was scored and lashed, like the white man's dog! 'Twas long before

the boy could tell of the death of his father, and when he did, we thought that lying words came from his lips—yet they were true. Winteheh and his son had journeyed one day towards the Licks; night came on, and the warrior spread his buffaloe robe on the ground, took out his parched-corn and dried venison, they ate—and then the father and the child slept, side by side, in peace. At the first dawn of morning, the warrior roused his son—"Up! Higachee! up! To-day we must reach the Licks."

As he spake, Higachee heard the sound of a rifle, and the body of Winteheh fell at the feet of his child—a ball had pierced his heart.

Before Higachee could move, or speak, or think, for he was but a boy, two white men sprang from the thicket—one seized and bound the boy, while the other stripped the body of Winteheh.

"See!" said he, putting his finger into the hole in his breast—"Did I not hit him prettily—right over the heart."

"True, John; but why did you fire at all. It is peace now, and this red skin is, as I told you, the head-man among the Wyandots."

"Who cares for the Wyandots? Not I—but, to tell the truth, I fired because I could not help it. The savage stood so fair, and his bare bosom made such a good mark, that I could not, for my life, help trying my rifle on him."

"Well, John, that's a sort of reason;*—but what are we to do with the boy? If we take him to the settlement, he will be sure to tell of this fine prank, and then what will the General say to you."

"What are we to do with him?" said the Long-knife—"I'll soon show you"—he raised his tomahawk, and would have slain Higachee, but his companion hindered him; they determined to leave the boy in a hut, in the woods, while they went into the settlement. They did so; they bound his legs, and arms, and left him, helpless, on the floor.

Thrice the sun rose and set, and yet the white men came not to their prisoner; he lay, without food or drink. On the fourth day they came.

"How now, Indian!" said the hunter as he loosed the ropes—"Why do you not get up?"

The poor boy could only point to his mouth, and groan out, "Water! water!"

The other hunter came in—"Why, John! the poor boy is dying with thirst—here! here! drink, boy"—and he gave him water.

"But how is this, John—did you not come here yesterday, and day before, as you promised?"

"Why, to tell the truth, no; the day before I could not come—and yesterday, as I was coming, I roused a deer, and he led me to the other side of the settlement, and I could not lose the deer for the sake of an Indian, besides, I thought the boy would do very well for a day or so

* I have known this reason given—aye, boasted of, by a white man.

longer—and you see he has, only a little thirsty—but he will get over it. See! he recovers already. Sit up, boy, and take some corn.”

Higachee tried to rise, but he could not.

“Damn you!” said the white man, “Why don’t you get up, get up I say,” and he struck the boy a heavy blow with the breech of his rifle.

“For shame, John,” said his companion; “I declare, you have broken the boy’s arm! Here, take this, my poor boy, and lie down.” He gave Higachee some parched corn, placed water within his reach, and binding his leg with a chain, to which they fixed a padlock, they left the hut. Next day Higachee was stronger, and he resolved to escape. With a wrench he tore the staple from the post, and gathering up his chain—he could not get the links from off his leg—he left the hut. But the white man was near, Higachee ran, in his haste he dropped the chain—it caught in a log—he fell. The white man regained his prisoner. “I’ll teach you to run off,” said he; and he stripped the blanket from his back—the lash followed—the lash tore the flesh of Higachee.

When the white man was weary of his labor, he fastened the chain in a firmer place, and left the boy—to die, for as he went, he swore an oath that he never would return.

Higachee was the son of a great chief—he would not lie down and die like a dog—all day he labored at the chain, and when night drew near, the strong link was worn through—he was free; he escaped, and returned to the wigwam of Theheti.

Such was the story of the death of Winteheh—he had been killed because his bare bosom was a good mark for the white man’s rifle. The warriors, who had remained with him on the reservation, met in council on the death of the Great Chief. The young men wished to dig up the hatchet, but the old men would not.

“We are few,” said they, “and the Long-knives are like the leaves on the trees. We have made peace with them—we have buried the hatchet in a forgotten place. We will go to the lodge of our white brother—we will tell him that bad men have done this; he will seek them out, and give them up to us—thus shall the death of Winteheh be avenged.”

These words pleased the council. They sent Ountega to the house of the white warrior, Sukach-gook.* He promised fair, and in three days a runner came to the wigwam with good news from the White Chief. The men who had done the great wrong were caught, and should be kept in prison many, many days. “The sun shall not shine on them,” said he—“the fresh wind shall not cool them—neither shall they walk through the woods any more. Their souls shall be sick in the walls of their prison.”

* This name—literally, Blacksnake—has been given, with true aboriginal sagacity, to several of the white chiefs who have, from time to time, made treaties with them.

Theheti was comforted. The spirit of her warrior should not wander unavenged. In the meanwhile Higachee wasted away; his food did not nourish him, nor his drink refresh him. The wise men said an evil spirit had possession of him, and the medicine man was sent for, to drive him out.

He came—he looked on Higachee. “No evil spirit has possessed him,” said the medicine man; “’tis the lash of the white man has poisoned his blood—he will die.”

It was so. The young chief wasted away—he died. Theheti and her children made no lament over Higachee, he could never be a great chief. The Wyandots would have scorned to take for leader, a whipped dog of the Long-knives. It was best he should die.

We wrapped him in the dead clothes of a chief; but the old men would not have a hatchet, nor flints, nor bow and arrows, buried with him—“Higachee,” said they, “was not a warrior;” Outesie took a withered branch from the oak that overhung the cabin of Winteheh, and cast into the grave of his son.

Two days had passed away, when, as Outesie returned from placing the ripe papaw, and fresh water, near the grave of Higachee, she met the hunter—he was free. Our white father had promised to keep him many, many moons in prison—one had not yet passed, and he walked the forest, free as the wild deer. Theheti went to our white father, to tell him of the escape of the prisoner, but the face of our white father was turned from his children, and his words had fallen to the ground.

“I have pardoned him,” said the white chief. “Let the death of Winteheh be forgotten.”

Theheti returned to her wigwam; her soul was dark.—Winteheh was dead—Higachee was dead—and the white man who had drank their blood, he was free. Theheti called her son Mecami—he had not yet seen sixteen summers; yet he was strong, and active, as became the son of Winteheh. “Mecami,” said Theheti, “take the rifle of Winteheh—go, bring the scalp of the Long-knife.” Mecami went—and ere two days, the rifle of Winteheh rang out on the hills, and Mecami returned with the scalp of the white man. “Now,” said Theheti, “let the soul of Winteheh rejoice, as he snuffs up the blood of his enemy.”

Next day came a messenger from the white chief—“Who,” said he, “has slain one of my men?”

“’Tis I,” said Mecami—“’tis the son of Winteheh, has slain the enemy of his father.”

“You must go to the white chief—he has words to speak to you.”

Theheti would have persuaded her son not to go; but the old men said go. He went—and I, Charcha, went with him. We came to the white men—they seized Mecami, and cast him into prison. “Fear not, Mecami,” said I—“’Tis only four days, and you will be free, as he was.”

The fourth day came.—I went to the white chief—"Father," said I, "the son of Winteheh has passed four days in prison—the slayer of my father did no more.—Let Mecami go free."

"No," said he—"Mecami is a murderer—he must be tried; to-morrow he shall be brought before the wise men of my camp."

At the dawn of day I returned to the house of the white chief. He sat in his high place to judge Mecami. Twelve men were sworn on the Holy Book of the Christians, to slay the son of Winteheh.

"Did you, Mecami, slay our scout, John Harris?"

"I did."

The twelve men talked together, and soon one of them rose up, and said, "Guilty." Mecami was carried back to his prison.

I went to the great white chief—"How many days," said I, "must Mecami remain in prison?"

"One," said he—"To-morrow he shall be made free."

I hurried to the wigwam of Theheti—"Rejoice, Young Swan! to-morrow Mecami will return—our white father has said it."

The soul of Theheti laughed in her breast—"We will go," said she, "at the dawn of day, and bring home my brave—he is the son of a warrior—he will be a great chief—Winteheh will live in his son."

Next day, Theheti, Outesie, and Charcha, all made haste to the lodge of the white man. As we drew near, Outesie cried out—"What is that which dangles from the sycamore, beside the white man's dwelling?"—It was the body of Mecami! The white man had choked him—he had hung up the son of Winteheh, as the Wyandot does the skunk or the opossum.—Mecami was dead.

Theheti returned to her wigwam. She never gave the death-screach for her child; but when the sun sunk behind the western hills, she sought the banks of The Beautiful River—plunged in, and her spirit rejoined the spirit of Winteheh. Next day, Outesie was with me, but the Young Swan was gone. What could I do; I was a boy, and Outesie, the Bending Flower, was a young girl—fourteen summers measured her age, and fifteen mine. I went to the old men of my tribe.

"Fathers," said I, "Winteheh is dead—the white man's lash cut the heart of Higachee—they choked Mecami—and now, Theheti, the Young Swan—my mother—is gone!"

The old men were grieved. At length Ountega spoke—"What can we do? Our warriors are dead—only old men and squaws remain on the reservation—and now it is too small even for them. Son of Winteheh!—turn your face to the great lakes—there dwells Tallassie; his father was the brother of Winteheh. With Tallassie you can live—Outesie will be safe—and Charcha will be a great chief."

The words of Ountega were wise in my ears. I returned to the wigwam of Winteheh—and the next day Charcha and Outesie left the graves of their fathers, to seek a home beside the distant lakes, in the

wigwam of Tallassie. On the third day, we stopped at noon by the waters of the Yellow River.* The clouds had passed from our hearts. "We shall yet be happy," said Outesie, "in the wigwam of the Wyandot of the lakes."

As she spake, I heard the sound of the rifle—I tried to seize mine, but my right arm would not move—a bullet had broken the bone. I looked around—the white men were upon us—"Fly! fly, Outesie!" said I, and plunged into the thicket. Outesie followed, but the white men were swift on her track, and soon I heard her scream, as they caught her. I hid myself in the hollow of a sycamore; they sought long for me, but their eyes were dim. At length they ceased the search, and prepared to continue their hunt. I followed on their trail. I had no rifle, and my right hand could not raise the tomahawk—yet I followed, in the hope that Outesie might escape, and then I should be near. Three days they wandered through the woods, Outesie still with them.

She never complained—never wept. I saw her bring water for the white man's drink—and when he struck her with his ramrod, to hurry her steps, the daughter of the great chief uttered no scream of pain, though the hard blows raised large welts on her tender breast. The fourth morning they remained long in their camp; they held a talk. I crept through the tall brushwood, and hid close to the seat of the white men. There were three.

"What shall we do with her?"—said one pointing to Outesie, who stood a little way off.

"Oh, shoot her—she is only a trouble to us—shoot her by all means."

"True," replied the other, "I suppose we may as well.—Will you do it, Tom?"

"Oh, I don't care if I do. Here, you squaw, stand up, will you." Outesie, at first, heard not the words. "Stand up, and turn towards me," said the hunter.

The Bending Flower turned her face towards him. She saw him raise the rifle. She saw his eye, and she knew that death was near. "Oh, white man! Oh, brother! brother!" she cried, "Don't kill! Oh, white man! don't kill!"

As she was pleading thus, the white man took calm, deliberate aim—"Brother!" said the Indian girl—even at the word he fired—and of the children of Winteheh, I alone remained.†

* Muskingum.

† The fate of Outesie is no fiction. The man is now living—or was two years ago—on the Mississippi, who killed an Indian girl under the precise circumstances here mentioned. Nothing has been added—not even the word "brother," which was on her lips, when the white man's rifle-ball pierced her innocent heart.

THE GREEN BIRD OF DEATH.

A WELCH LEGEND.

There is a legend current in South Wales, to the following purport, which the writer of the subjoined stanzas first learned from a native of that romantic land. It was supposed that at the death of the virtuous, the soul of some departed relative—of a mother, sister, or lover, now glorified—returned in the shape of a beautiful green bird, giving warning to the beloved dying, with its wild, sweet song, and calling on the parting soul, to be its companion in flight to the Spirit Land. This beautiful, though sorrowful visitant, was there called, “The Green Bird of Death.”

I.

Their loud hymn of triumph the night-winds were swelling,
And deep lay the snow on the blossomless heath,
When around the low roof of a desolate dwelling,
Was heard the wild song of the Green Bird of Death.
Within that lone cottage a maiden lay dying—
Consumption's chill palm on her bosom was pressed ;
And o'er her still slumber a mother was sighing,
When the notes of the Death-Bird awoke her from rest.—

II.

“Ah! heard I aright? came that wild lay of sadness
From the Bird of sweet promise? is Death then at hand?”
Said the maid—“hast thou come from thy bowers of gladness,
To waft me away to the fair Spirit Land?
Spread, spread thy green pinions! my faint soul is pining
To bathe in the breezes that fan thy bright wing,
And bask in that summer, eternally shining,
O'er which dreary winter no shadow can fling.

III.

“Oh, breathe not thy song in the accents of sorrow,
For why should the soul of Cuthullan repine,
When, long ere the slow-dawning beams of to-morrow,
My spirit shall mingle in rapture with thine?
Come, take my last sigh then, thou soul of my lover,
And bear me away from this cold world of pain,
To that bright music shore which no eye may discover,
But his who hath sailed over death's gloomy main.

IV.

“Spread, spread thy green pinions! life's poor lamp is wasting,
Its oil hath run low—can the flame longer live?
Its fetters are burst, and my spirit is tasting
The breeze of that blest shore death only can give.”
No more said the maiden; with gentle emotion
Her soul with her lover's hath taken its flight,
Like two fond birds of spring, they shall cross the dark ocean—
Before them the day-dawn—behind them the night.

SCENES IN PAMPLONA.

IN the great street of Pamplona, in front of the hotel of the Count of Espileta, stands the well-known inn of Jose Botero; thus surnamed from his profession as a maker of botas, or skin bottles, and larger vessels for containing oil or wine. What his family name may be, or whether he ever had one, is of no importance to the reader. It is certain that the name of Botero is now the only one by which he is known; and that it is very convenient, inasmuch as it serves, as in the olden time in other countries, when names originated, not only to distinguish the individual, but to mark his profession. No grandiloquent sign set forth the good cheer that was to be found within; the whole art of pretension, quackery, hand-bills, and puffing, not to mention biped and walking sign-posts, being as yet unknown in Spain. Jose Botero depended, for the patronage of his inn, wholly on the satisfaction he had been able to give to its habitual frequenters. They of course could find their way to it; and a stray passenger in Pamplona, unacquainted with the localities, was of too rare occurrence to make it worth while to hang forth from the balcony a bit of blue board with yellow letters, setting forth that 'this is the inn of St. Fermin,' or 'this is the inn of Joseph, the maker of leathern bottles.' His additional profession, however, was announced with sufficient eloquence by means of his wares, which were hung all over the doorway of his habitation. There were little borrachos, with wooden or horn drinking cups; neat pocket editions, destined to be the source of much comfort and happiness to the future possessor; others, of a larger size, were calculated for travellers to hang to their saddlebows, or suspend from the roof of a tilting cart or wagon; whilst others, intended for the preservation or transportation of the liquid, exhibited every variety of size, from the youthful kid to the bearded and full-grown billey. In general, the hair was left within, and smeared with pitch; but many were in their natural state, the hair outside, and their legs protruding from their inflated bodies, for the convenience of handling in lading or unlading a mule.

In the doorway of this house, surrounded by these spectral forms, sat Jose Botero, as the caravan of Sylveti slowly ascended the street, announced by a full chorus of all the canine inhabitants of the neighborhood. He had the skin of a newly-flayed goat before him, which he was preparing for a similar transformation, and which he hastened to throw by to resume his character as dispenser of hospitality. He was a little man, with a sallow complexion, very black and wiry hair and beard, and small eyes, that twinkled deep in their sockets, with a cunning, stealthy, and by no means amiable expression. He saluted

Sylveti familiarly, and me with courtesy, directing me to the kitchen, where I was ceremoniously received by Mrs. Botero and the maid, a stout buxom young woman of twenty, ruddy of complexion and bursting with health. They conducted me to a spacious chamber, with an alcove adjoining, concealed by clean white curtains. The floor was covered with a straw mat, the walls were whitewashed and hung with religious pictures, and the whole had an air of great neatness and comfort. Having procured the assistance of a barber, who came as usual with water, basin, and implements, hid away under his cloak, to hide the occupation, which, like every other by which a man can earn his living, unless it be a government employment, is a source of shame to a Spaniard, I descended again to the kitchen, to join my companions at dinner. In the course of the meal, Sylveti gave audience to a number of the notables and merchants of Pamplona, who came to hear the result of commissions with which they had intrusted him, or receive answers to letters they had sent; many damsels, too, of noble ladies, attended to receive little trifles of taste or fancy which were not to be found in Pamplona, and for the selection of which they were fain to trust to the unpractised art of such a friend as Sylveti.

In the afternoon I found out a gentleman to whom I had a letter, and gladly accompanied him to take a view of the town. We strolled in the direction of the cathedral. It is a very imposing Gothic pile, approached on one side by beautiful cloisters, having windows of stonework towards the interior square, which are run up with the grace and lightness of iron. The facade of this cathedral is of recent construction; it is in a pure Grecian taste, and though it has no accordance with the rest of the pile, is certainly very beautiful. My companion pointed out to me the materials of a chapel, which was about to be formed in one angle of the building, at an expense of sixty thousand dollars. He said that the bishop of the diocess had a revenue of ten ounces a day, nearly sixty thousand dollars a year, and that the prebends, twenty-five in number, received each an ounce. According to him, the cathedral was the proprietor of one-third of the whole kingdom of Navarre.

From the cathedral, we strolled to the public walk of the Taconera. It is rather prettily situated on the ramparts, with a western prospect over the valley of the Arga, extending to the mountains that bound the view. Here were rows of trees, and an attempt at verdure in the shape of grass. Very few persons had resorted to the public walk on this occasion. The agitated condition of the country, and the excitement of party spirit, with the danger of being compromised, no doubt led those who had something to lose to remain at home, and shun the intercourse of the world. There were a few clergymen, some women, and one or two officers, who seemed to avoid the inhabitants, who are said to be generally in favor of Carlos. A part of the promenade over-

looked the approaches to the gate of Vitoria. There stood five Spaniards, who had halted in their walk to witness the arrival of a cart drawn by a long train of mules, which was ascending the hill. All of them had their cloaks thrown over the left shoulder, half concealing the face; they were gazing in the same direction, and seemed beset by the same vacancy of ideas; an equal number of observant buzzards were perched in a row beyond, on the line of the battlements, and the two groups seemed symbolical of each other.

Meantime a single carriage, having three horses harnessed abreast, was driven up and down the walk by a demure coachman. Within reclined an attenuated old nobleman, who had the reputation of having enriched himself, when employed in a diplomatic station in Holland, by being engaged in privateers that were fitted out to cruise against Spanish commerce. If this reputation were unjustly awarded to the old gentleman, it still shows what sort of suspicion a functionary is liable to in Spain. If the story were not true, it was not therefore improbable; for public virtue, patriotism, and probity in office, are qualities unknown there, and unappreciated.

I learned from my companion that General Saarsfield, descendant of the well-known officer who defended Limerick, was the present viceroy of Navarre. He has the most distinguished reputation for military talents of any general in the Spanish army. During the war of independence, he made a conspicuous figure; but his talents are not suited, it is said, to the guerilla warfare, and the government was not satisfied with his movements against the insurgents of the Basque provinces. He was removed to the viceroyalty of Navarre. There he has not acted with any energy; probably for the want of sufficient force. He was in bad health, and his addiction to the pleasures of the table was said to be the cause.

Pamplona, which now contains about fourteen thousand inhabitants, was the ancient capital of the kingdom of Navarre, which had a separate and independent existence for several centuries. In becoming merged, with the lapse of time, in the consolidated monarchy, it still retains something of its individuality; is called a kingdom, governed by a viceroy appointed by the king, but in some measure controlled by a supreme council, chosen from among the Navarrese; and occasionally holds its assembly of cortes, to deliberate on matters of higher interest. Navarre, too, is not subject to the odious system of taxes, which palsies industry and dries up the resources of other portions of Spain. It pays a certain subsidy to the king, which it raises by a just repartition to the towns and villages, and judiciously applies a portion of its revenues to the construction of roads, and rendering them safe to travellers by means of guardians supported at the public expense. The people are of course ardently attached to these privileges. Hence their opposition to the Constitution and its liberals, which, in their day of power, rather

strove to bring about their system of equalization by taking away liberty from those who possessed and valued it, than by conferring it on those who had it not.

On my return to the inn, I found the innkeeper, his wife, and the lusty chamber-maid, all belaboring with words an unhappy recusant peasant, who had been two days in the house and had no ostensible means of paying his reckoning. Their suspicions were excited by the circumstance of his having neither mules, goods of any sort, changes of clothing, nor, as they were thence disposed to suspect, money either. His old worn doublet, breeches, and Montera cap, and his cowhide sandals, bound with leathern thongs, certainly conveyed no very reassuring argument in the absence of mules and burdens, the customary concomitants of every duly qualified traveller. It seems that he owed the portentous sum of seven reals, or thirty-five cents. He had already been twice dunned during the day, and had escaped from the tempest of importunities by saying that he was going forth to collect money. Allowing due time for the storm to blow by, he had skulked again into the kitchen, and stowed himself in the chimney corner, endeavoring to conciliate the landlady by petting her cat, or giving her notice of the overboiling of the pipkins. He seemed to be doing pretty well, until the landlord himself made his appearance, just after I entered. Jose Botero was one of those men who are disposed to push a retreating foe, and whose courage mounts in an inverse ratio as that of their adversary is declining. He at once opened upon him; asked him if he had collected the money; called upon him to pay up; ridiculed his destitute condition, telling him if his skin were taken away he would be naked—*quitandole el pellejo se queda sin abrigo*—and finally, threatening to acquaint the police that he was a suspicious character, and have him stopped at the gates if he should attempt to escape. The intervals of Joseph's abuse were filled up by the landlady and the maid, who sung a sort of chorus to the same tune. As for the poor fellow, he defended himself with great meekness, calmness, and dignity, interspersing his conversation, and helping out his argument with proverbs, which were as german to the case, and as appropriate as a sermon in the mouth of Satan; such as, "He who has money, has no need of credit:—The good paymaster does not fear to give pledges:—" "*Quien tiene dinero no falta de credito:—Al buen pagador no le duele las prendas.*" The old fellow, finding at length that it was impossible to make head against such fearful odds, thought it was best to go to sleep, or pretend to do so; and Joseph, after showing his courage by venting a few hasty curses upon him, lit his cigar, and turned to talk of other matters.

"How is it, friend Sylveti," said he, "that you throw your smoke away? you should swallow it all, man; send the whole of it into your stomach, and thus receive the substance of the tobacco! One cigar does

me more good in that way than a dozen in your unmeaning manner, just drawn in and puffed out again. In a man of your age, experience, and standing, such simplicity is altogether surprising." Sylveti responded, and a learned argument took place on the use and effects of tobacco, in which the relative qualities and claims of Brazil, Cuba, and American tobacco, were duly characterized and compared; the advantages of pipes were also stated and estimated, and the whole subject thoroughly and ably discussed by these two worthies, who declaimed with a certain glow of enthusiasm upon matters which they were certainly qualified to talk of, knowingly and learnedly.

Meantime the recusant peasant aforesaid, having discerned that he was not likely to be remembered amid the fumes of the tobacco, and the reveries and speculations which it gave rise to, fancied that he might now reappear upon the scene, and accordingly stretched forth a leg, yawned, rubbed his eyes, and affected to wake up. Presently he made bold to ask very modestly for a little supper. I was very much pleased to see that the landlady and the maid proceeded to supply him with food, replacing his dish from time to time on the bench beside him, and attending to all his wants in the most charitable manner, and without any revival of the previous upbraiding. It was only another proof that female charity, though it may slumber a while, though it may yield to the luxury which scolding affords, can only for a moment be smothered, to glow again and blaze out brightly; and I found myself unconsciously putting forth the wish, that if cruel fate should ever leave me alone and unfriended in the world, without money and without means, my pockets alike strangers to the occupancy of gold, silver, or ignoble brass,—as destitute in all things as this unaccredited muleteer,—some gentle being of the other sex might be at hand to save me from the brutality of my own; to receive my supplications, to cast upon me one compassionating glance of her tender and tearful eye, and, in the hour of my utmost need, to bless me with a supper.

GLORY OF THE PATRIOT.

Let him still shine,
Intensely bright, and through the lingering years
Be his the living glory of a star,
A guiding light, a strong unsullied beam
That mocks the tempest, nor with ray obscured,
Falls in the gloomiest night, shining on still,
Bright through all seasons—seen from every shore.

REMINISCENCES OF ST. DOMINGO.

THE DUEL—A TRUE STORY—FROM THE FRENCH.

DURING the few years which immediately preceded the insurrection of the negroes of St. Domingo, who were aided and abetted by England, merely because France had yielded some service to America during the war of independence, this fine French colony had reached the summit of prosperity. Perseverance and industry had amassed within the Island more gold, than the mines had ever yielded to the Spaniards; but in its train came all the vices of luxury and dissipation. Under the burning tropical sun, men's passions, by nature ardent, become violent and ungovernable, when wealth gives them unbounded opportunities of indulging them.

At the time to which I refer, 1788, the prevailing passion among the rich inhabitants of St. Domingo, was that of gambling. But those games which require either skill, or calculation, did not suit these modern Sardanapaluses. They required for their amusement, games, the success of which depended on chance alone; games where one bet will swallow a large sum—games at which men lose, or gain, fortunes, by the throw of a die.

These professed gamblers had recourse to dice to stimulate their slumbering energies, and it was not an uncommon thing to see a whole plantation, or a princely dwelling, put up as a stake. A dozen dice would be thrown on the table, the gambler would select three, which decided his fate.

In 1788 then, if my memory be a true one, the son of a rich sugar planter held the rank of captain in the regiment of Port au Prince. Captain Sevrey was about twenty-six or seven years of age, and, though heir to an immense fortune, he had entered the army from choice. He had no rivals in the colony, in all manly and athletic exercises, and was a particularly good swordsman and marksman, but, though brave unto rashness, he never abused his superior skill. But high-spirited and impetuous, he had already been engaged in a number of duels, in which he had received many and few scratches; while his better directed aim had made a fearful and bloody chasm in the society of St. Domingo. Though possessing many good qualities, Sevrey was more feared than liked, for all his frankness and manliness could not always obliterate the remembrance of his impetuosity, and unfortunate propensity for fighting. It is hardly necessary, I presume, after this account, to say that he was a gambler.

One evening, a few persons were assembled in the chief gambling house of Port au Prince, and were amusing themselves for a few dollars,

until the gamblers collected in sufficient numbers to animate the game. A French naval officer, commanding a frigate then in the port, entered the tavern, and walked directly towards the bar, to get some lemonade. As he passed by the table where they were playing, he glanced at it, and perceived a few pieces of money before some of the players. "Who will throw," exclaimed Sevrey. "I will," replied the naval officer. He approached the table, carelessly threw his dice, and without watching to see the result of his efforts, he returned to the bar to finish his glass of lemonade. "Captain Montfort," cried Sevrey, "you have won;" and he immediately pushed towards his fortunate adversary a large pile of gold. At the sight of this enormous sum, Captain Montfort, who thought he had only risked a dollar or two, looked perfectly amazed, and pushing aside the heap of gold, he said, "Gentlemen, I should be greatly wanting in delicacy, if I appropriated this sum as if I had honorably won it. I assure you, that when I joined in the game, I thought I was only playing for the very moderate sum I saw on the table. Therefore I cannot, I will not take this money." "Take it, take it, Captain," said Sevrey. "It is assuredly yours; and if you had lost, instead of winning, you would have paid it." "Indeed, Sevrey," replied Montfort, "you are much mistaken, if you suppose so. I should not have thought myself bound to pay such a sum, had I lost, and therefore it is, that having won, I will not take it." "You would have paid, Captain Montfort, had you lost," exclaimed Sevrey imperiously; "I—I tell you, you would." There was something in the tone and manner, even more than in the language, of Sevrey, which displeased the naval officer, and which prompted him to answer tartly. This produced another more imperious reply from Sevrey; and when their friends would have interfered to part them, they found it was too late. Each party considered himself so insulted, so aggrieved, that a duel was inevitable.

"Captain Montfort," said Sevrey, "I do not wish to take any undue advantage of you, and I know that, both with the sword and pistol, I am your superior. Therefore, to make all fair, I propose to you, that a pistol be loaded by a third person, and that we should toss up for the first fire, and let the winner blow out his adversary's brains." "Agreed," replied Montfort, in a low, firm tone.

The whole company shuddered at this horrible proposal. Some of the players left the house, unwilling to witness this bloody scene; others, filled with brutal curiosity, gathered round the two gamblers, who, seated facing each other, divided only by a table about four feet long, were patiently awaiting the preparations for the duel.

While a third person was loading the fatal pistol, in the presence of Sevrey and Montfort, a deathlike silence pervaded the whole assembly, and this awful stillness was unbroken, save by a few calm words, exchanged between the adversaries, who alone, in this dreadful moment,

seemed to retain their self-possession. When the pistol was loaded, Sevrey and Montfort, each took it and examined it in turn, to see that all was right, and then it was put on the table by the dice. It was decided that the highest number should be the winning one; each man took three dice, and it fell to the lot of the naval officer to throw first.

He shook, with the utmost calmness, the dice which were to decide a matter of life and death, and then threw them upon the carpet. The spectators sprang eagerly to the place where they fell, and proclaimed the number, *eleven*.

"Captain," said Sevrey, "you have thrown skilfully, and the chances, I think, are in your favor. Now listen to me. If, as I think it likely, you should be the winner, show me no mercy; for I declare to you, on my honor, that if I am the favored one, you need expect no quarter at my hands. If either of us show mercy to the other, he is a coward." "Go on, sir," said Montfort, "and spare your impertinence. I require no man to teach me my duty."

Sevrey smiled ironically, and shook his dice as if preparing to play. The next moment the dice were rolling on the carpet, and in a faltering voice one of the bystanders called out, "*Fifteen*."

The circle which had formed round the two officers, gave way involuntarily, and clustered round Sevrey; while Captain Montfort, finding himself alone, still facing his enemy, rose instantly, and calmly and firmly waited Sevrey's approach.

"Your life is in my hands, Montfort," exclaimed Sevrey, seizing the pistol. "Commend your soul to God, for your hour has come."

"Fire, sir," replied the manly sailor, putting his hand upon his heart; "an honest man is ever ready to die." He had not time to say another word; the ball from Sevrey's pistol had fractured his skull, and covered with his blood, the spectators of this tragedy.

After this horrible duel, the whole blame of which was by common consent cast upon Sevrey, this young officer, already dreaded by his fellow-citizens, became the object of disgust and abhorrence to them. Finding himself avoided by his best friends, he made no efforts to conciliate their favor, but returned contempt for contempt; hatred for hatred. When the insurrection broke out in St. Domingo, he enlisted in the ranks of the enemy, and fought under the orders of the English General Maitland. He there exhibited great personal courage, and great military abilities. The insurgents were indebted to him for all their victories, until the battle Des Iris, near Tiburon, where a ball killed him on the spot, just as his troops were gaining their most brilliant victory.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

NUMBER THREE.

JOURNALISM.—MANNERS AND DRESS.

THE *newspaper press* may be said to have commenced its operation not much earlier than a century ago. We are aware of the higher antiquity, which may be claimed for it, and of the genealogy traced for it by Chalmers, from "*The English Mercurie*, imprinted at London by her highness' printer, 1588," through the weekly "News-books" of the civil wars, until it was produced, in something approaching its modern quality, in the reign of Anne. But these early, quaint, occasional lampoons, or brochures, or handbills, or pamphlets, were to the regular newspaper system of our times, what the tomahawk, or war-club, or arrows of the Indian, are to the artillery and magazines of a regular army. The best description of the rise and progress of newspapers, is given by Virgil, who must have had them in his eye when he describes

"Primo parva metu; mox sese attolit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit."

This most tenacious and indestructible of the productions of civilization, which kings cannot destroy, nor armies mow down, had taken root in our soil, a hundred years ago, in feeble form indeed, even as the mustard-seed is, when it is sown, the least of all seeds, but, when it is grown, is the greatest of herbs. Until 1719, there was but one newspaper in the British North American Colonies, the Boston News-Letter, established some fourteen years before. This firstborn of the American press was followed by a progeny of little brethren—The Boston Gazette; The American Mercury, at Philadelphia; The Pennsylvania Gazette; The New-York Gazette; The New-York Weekly Journal—who were "all doing well," (this, we think, is the customary phrase,) in 1734. There may have been one or two more, for we pretend to no particular antiquarian lore.

"Precisely a hundred years ago, the press, in our good city, was following its inherent instinct to quarrel with established authority; and the citizens, as is their nature too, were furiously espousing the newspaper cause, and clamouring for liberty. The governor, William Crosby, Esquire, was quite an arbitrary representative of his majesty, and passed his administration in attempting to get permanent appropriations

from the assembly—the same fruitless game now going on in the English Provinces of Canada and New-Brunswick. The New-York Weekly Journal inserted some strictures on his excellency and his council, and they in turn imprisoned the printer and burnt his Gazette. The printer was tried, and Andrew Hamilton—a venerable name among the Philadelphia lawyers—came on and defended him. Need the result be told? The printer was acquitted, and his eloquent advocate, amidst the huzzas of the populace, received the freedom of the city in a gold box. In reading the minute account of that trial, which excited intense feeling throughout the country, it is at once amusing and gratifying to remember that the province of New-York had not then a hundred thousand inhabitants, and the city of New-York was of the size, probably, of Elizabethtown, or Trenton, or Poughkeepsie.

In England, the newspapers began to be conducted in the style, and to exercise the influence, which, in a much greater degree, we witness at present. “The Craftsman,” the paper of Bolingbroke and Pulteney, has become classic; and in turning over some of the essays, which appeared in it, we have been struck with the vigor of the style, the point of the sarcasm, and the force of the argument. The same praise does not belong to the journals which supported the cause of the ministry. There are some striking points of analogy between the political condition of France, as it now is, and of England a century back. George the Second was not more a legitimate monarch, than is Louis Phillippe. The lineal heirs of the crown—the exiled Stuarts, like the Bourbons—sheltered in a foreign court, were brooding over the recollections of departed grandeur, and cherishing vain hopes of its return.

“Old Saturn there, with up-turned eyes,
Beholds his abdicated skies”—

While in the interior of the realm, sustained by the romantic spirit of loyalty, a large, though decaying party of Jacobites, like the Carlists, or Henriquinists of France, were clinging to their allegiance, invoking foreign auxiliaries, weaving petty intrigues, and fomenting political disturbances. On the other hand, the ministry of Walpole relied for support on the army and navy; on government patronage; on the moneyed and commercial interests; on the low church, and dissenters; and, like the “Juste-Milieu” of 1835, the Whigs of 1735 were little scrupulous of arbitrary measures to support the cause of the revolution. The opposition ranks, again, of England, presented, like those of France, very heterogeneous materials. In the Parliaments and in the Journals, the “Craftsmen,” for instance, were associated; the Tory and discontented Whig, Wyndham, and Pulteney, and Shippen, and Bolingbroke, as we now see in France, Chateaubriand and Berryer contending by the side of Maugin and Carrel. The towns were liberal, the counties were inclined to Toryism, and the Highlands of Scotland were the *La Vondee* of

Britain. In tracing these, certainly not imaginary, parallels, we do not, however, forget for a moment the real and immense difference between the two periods, arising from—what was unknown a hundred years ago—the *spirit of democracy*. The little catechism of the Rights of Man has been learnt in modern times; and we admit that the bearings and tendencies of this mighty influence, sweep away from our consideration the superficial analogies we have indicated, and almost justify the assertion, that for all practical uses of a comparison, history is little better than an old almanac.

The titles of some of the London Journals, a century since, are not particularly sonorous, nor interesting from association. "*Fog's Journal*" seems to have been an active opposition paper, acting as a sort of tender to the Craftsman. "*The Hyp-Doctor*" was a ministerial print, its title being perhaps assumed in scorn of the gloomy forebodings of the opposition. "*The Grub-street Journal*" seems to have been a *bona fide* name for a paper, which talked of taste, and discoursed on criticism and manners.

These papers (as far as our limited means have enabled us to look at them) were very different things from the newspapers of the present day. There were no parliamentary reports; their records of legislative proceedings being confined to annals of some anterior session of Parliament, and the debates narrated under the initial letters of the speakers' names. Their scanty details of foreign news were gathered, we suppose, as we receive information of events in Peru, or Mexico, or the interior of Europe. Their political disquisitions were learned, pedantic, and constrained. The minister was attacked in discourses about *Sejanus*, and there was much erudite writing about the Romans. It would seem as if the writer's energies were damped by the thoughts of prosecutions, and his imagination troubled by occasional visions of the pillory. Journalism indeed was in its infancy; and no stronger contrast between the then existing and present state of society can be exhibited, than in the comparison of these little papers, and a first-rate London daily newspaper of our day, filled with correspondence from all parts of the world;—with the notes of its distant reporters, who are standing by the pioneers in the trenches, hovering round the armies in battle, and mingling with the crowds of foreign capitals;—with the proceedings of courts of justice and public meetings;—with parliamentary speeches, almost from the moments they have fallen from the lips of the orators;—and with leading articles, written with the force of invective, energy of language, boldness of discussion, and brilliancy of style, which the author of Junius first introduced into political disquisitions.

We have been much surprised in our feeble attempts at research in the chronicles of fashion, to find that there is really so little difference in the existing habits of *haut-ton*, and those prevalent a century since.

There may be a few additional acanthus leaves in "the corinthian capital of polished society," but the outline, design and materials, are essentially the same. Horace Walpole's account of Sir Thomas Robinson's great ball, gives a description not *very* different from what might be written of a New-York route of the first class. "There were one hundred and ninety-seven present at Sir Thomas's. The ball began at eight; each man danced one minuet with his partner and then began country-dances. There were four-and-twenty couple, divided into twelve and twelve; each set danced two dances and then retired into another room, while the other set took their turn, and so alternately. The supper was served at twelve; a large table of hot for the lady dancers; their partners' and other tables stood round. We danced till four, then had tea and coffee and came home."

Now if we Magazine-mongers were called upon for evidence of the modern improvements on this model, what more could we say, than that, where the balls of former days commenced at eight, ours begin at ten: where they danced minuets, we dance waltzes;—where the country-dance once prevailed, cotillons now reign;—where the antique beaux touched with awe the tips of their partners' gloves, we guide ours through the giddy maze with an encircling arm;—where they had "a supper of hot," we have a supper of cold;—and that which closed in sober tea and narcotic coffee, now dissolves in ruddy madeira, or effervesces in sparkling champagne?—

In the art too of reversing the order of nature, and turning day into night, we are compelled to admit that, whatever may be the improvements in England, in America we have not even reached the skill of our ancestors. "*The Universal Spectator*," printed in 1734, gives us the following diary of people of fashion:—"The fine lady and the beau are in a perpetual hurry in the morning to finish that important business of *dress*; they get to the *mall* by twelve—walk till two—dine by five—are at the opera by seven—at quadrille before eleven—and in bed perhaps by four, and not out of it again till eleven; and thus the entire action of twenty-four hours, at dressing, eating, taking snuff, drinking tea, playing at cards and sleeping, is but one entire progress of laziness."

But if the *programme* of balls in former days, and of those in our times, is not essentially different, what a vast difference is there in the appearances of the festive throngs! What subjects for reciprocal amusement and ridicule would be furnished, if an exquisite of our day could mingle with the *toupees*, the *swords*, *chapeaux de bras*, fans, hoops and ruffles of Sir Thomas Robinson's ball; and if "Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain" could be introduced among the *gigot* sleeves, round hats, unpowdered heads, and loose pantaloons of modern times. Both would doubtless have sufficient reason for laughter. But if our attire be defective in taste—if it never can approach the graceful draperies of Greece and Rome, until we can import the skies of Italy and

the climate of the *Ægean*—it is nevertheless our opinion that we have at least surpassed our predecessors, and that there has been a march of mind among the dandies in a hundred years. If we were to dress a fine gentleman of 1735, we suppose we should be correct in giving him, first: a shoe with a large buckle and a high heel, colored red or green; next, clock-stockings, rising above the knee, and returning in a cuff; then breeches of crimson damask, and a vest-coat as large as a modern coat, and with immense pockets of the same materials, perhaps, with the breeches, or displaying the elaborate embroidery of the tambour; then a coat, without a collar, of blue color, and lined with crimson silk and laced with gold; then a steenkirk cravat as large as a shawl; then a rapier by his side; then, for it was oftener *not* on his head, a small cha-peau de bras, (for the huge three-cornered hat seems to have been of later date;) and last, a French bag-wig, or the majestic full-bottom with its luxuriant foliage of ringlets, such as we see in the portraits of the day, shading the features of Addison, or marring the beauty of Marlborough. There are doubtless some particulars omitted, and perhaps an anachronism in this inventory, but add to our description the snuff-box and a cane hanging, it may be, by a button, and we have something of the idea of a gentleman, who, if living now, would be found gracing the west side of Broadway of a sunny morning.

We will not, with irreverent hands, desecrate the wardrobe of departed ladies; and indeed, from our inaptitude to discern the use of various articles of female attire at the present day, our researches would be any thing but satisfactory. Pope's description of Belinda's boudoir, shows that a hundred years ago, female ingenuity was, as at the present hour, not inactive in the attempt to stay the parting wings of time, and to retain o'er the fading countenance the evanescent tints of youth and beauty. Leaving then to bolder antiquaries the description of ladies' dresses in 1735, we will only bear our humble testimony to the improvements which we think the lapse of years has brought, in two or three particulars, to the apparel and manners of the fair. We congratulate them on the demolition of the fabrics, which fashion in its wildest tyranny erected on the heads of their ancestresses. "Nothing," (says D'Israeli,) "was so monstrous as the head-dresses of the ladies in Queen Anne's reign. They formed a kind of edifice of three stories high; so that a fashionable lady of that day must have resembled the mythological figure of Cybele, the mother of the gods, with three towers on her head."

We are happy too in recording that one of the articles of the toilet of yore—"puffs—powders—patches—bibles—billet-doux"—has gone into total disuse. Our readers remember one of Addison's papers in the *Spectator*, in which he describes the ladies in the theatre, as evincing their political predilections by the disposition of patches on the face—Rosalinda, the beautiful whig, sparkling in one stage-box, with patches on the *côté gauche*, while the too powerful influence of her charms was

counterbalanced by those of a fascinating tory in the opposite box, who zealously patched the right cheek. Hogarth's prints, (which are not the least valuable as chronicles of the fashions and manners of the times,) show the great prevalence of this unseemly fashion.

It is with reluctance we admit the belief, that the fine ladies of a hundred years since, were great snuff-takers, but we fear this melancholy fact is supported by indisputable authority. One of the heroines in the *Rape of the Lock* is represented as employing her snuff-box in the destructive contest recorded in the Poem. And in the *Universal Spectator*, from which we quoted before, we find the following description, by a contemporary, of the habits of the fair:—"In all female conversation there is nothing of such universal use to fix the reputation of a fine talker as the snuff-box. The agreeable parenthesis, which a pinch of Havana produces, has as strong an effect to charm an audience as a skilful pause in a concert. There are some ladies so sensible of the benefit of this polite aid to conversation, that they cannot speak ten words without it; it stands by them at their dinner and their tea; it inspires them with wit at the quadrille table, and with devotion at the church." The century has not in vain rolled away, since it has carried with it every vestige of this horrific custom. The gentlemen of former years seemed to have witnessed with much philosophy that which the present generation shudders even to think of. At the tap of a snuff-box!—far more than at sight of human ties, (as hapless Eloisa deplures,) the god of love

"Claps his light wings and in a moment flies."

We break off here, once more, our sketches. Superficial as we admit them to be, in twirling over the leaves of Magazines and Memoirs for materials, we have been impressed with the thought, that no task is more difficult than to resuscitate the *past*, and present it with animation, life, and verisimilitude, to the modern spectator. The customs and manners of any period embrace so many particulars—are affected by such an infinity of transient causes, are so fleeting, variable and evanescent, that we doubt if any but a contemporary can enter fully into the character of an æra. We are inclined to suspect that the best descriptions of the past, that words can give, fall as far short of the reality, as the *Panoramas* or *Restorations* of ancient cities fail to bring before us the living masses that shared in the excitement of the amphitheatre, or mingled in the bustle of the Comitia, or thronged around the judgment-seat of the Prætor in the Forum.

LIFE ON THE OREGON.*

GENIAL spring had succeeded a stormy winter :—the unpleasant and dreaded part of the year, to those who are exposed, by the nature of an Indian life, to hear the moanings of the tempest, and have no shelter to avoid the storm, had passed. The mild airs of the west had brought with them the bland temperature of a more sunny clime :—in short, the middle of April had come, the period fixed for our party to return to the upper country. We had, in the commencement of the winter, while near the Rocky Mountains, learned from the *gens du nord*, (the north-west people,) that war had been declared—had put our goods there *en cache*, and descended to our principal establishment, Astoria, at the mouth of Columbia River, to bear thither this important information.

Our brigade consisted of two canoes, manned by seventeen Canadians—voyageurs—John Reed, an Irishman, and myself, an American “commis,”—and Donald McKenzie, bourgeois, or proprietor, who had charge of the whole. We encamped the first evening around Tongue Point, a jetting bluff in the river, some few miles above Astoria : an encampment in those days, when the luxuries of a voyageur, such as tent, cassette, &c., were scarce, was a simple matter. The bourgeois selects the first cleared spot that offers, towards the dusk of the evening ; the canoes are unladen and hauled up ; the goods are arranged and carefully covered with oil-cloths ; each man, except the steersman and cook, brings in his load of dry wood ; the cook lights the fire, and prepares the kettle ; and should there be a good fat animal—dog, horse, deer, or bear, is of little import, provided it is only *gras*—the content of a voyageur is complete :—supper ended, the pipe is lit, and setting round the bright fire, whose flickering rays are thrown on their weather-beaten countenances, like their brethren of the fore-castle, they spin long yarns of adventures “*parmi les sauvages*”—of foaming and dangerous rapids, and last, and not least, of starvation from hunger and cold ; while, as the evening wears, ever and anon, they take a dig at the kettle ; for it must be indeed *jours des fêtes* with a regular old

* *Note to the Editors.*—I am ignorant, Messrs. Editors, whether you, who know, or ought to know, all things, are aware that a party of young men, in the heyday of life, left this goodly city in 1811, to rusticate on the banks of the Oregon, or Columbia river. The motives that induced this step were as various as the climes that gave birth to these adventurers :—“the love of wealth, which even in the desert has its habitation”—the restless spirit of adventure, which no toil or hardship can restrain—and the “mere love of danger, which to some is lure alone”—all and each lent their aid. Among those, who joined “their sweet voices to the rural music of the desert,” I was an humble companion ; and, albeit, more *au fait* to beaver-skins than to a goose-quill—have, nevertheless, set down, in a listless mood, to give you a feeble sketch—of life at Columbia river.

voyageur, if he retires without seeing the end of his mess; that once thoroughly finished, with pipe in mouth, and hood of capot drawn over his head, he wraps himself in his blanket, and under the universal canopy, forgets his cares, until the glimmering of the stars announce the approach of day, when the shrill cry of the steersman,—*debut, debut, mes amies! a l'eau, a l'eau, Camarades!* awakens him to a new day of toil and hardship.

The next morning, at daybreak, our journey was commenced in earnest: the first movement, a few miles above Astoria, is like a ship hauling into the stream, preparatory to going to sea. The river, for the first forty or fifty miles from its mouth, retains a width of five or six miles, interspersed with low marshy islets, the resort, at this season of the year, of numberless flocks of "gibier," some of which nightly contributed to our *chaudiere*. The banks are covered with almost impenetrable forests, whose luxuriance, had they been witnessed by former philosophers, would have made them chary of promulgating to the world, the flattering doctrine, that all productions, animal as well as vegetable, deteriorate in this our western hemisphere. Majestic cedars, and towering pines, can here challenge competition with those of their boasted Europe. A white pine tree, immediately in the vicinity of Astoria, is deserving of particular notice: it was, by actual measurement, forty-two feet in circumference, and more than one hundred high. Prior to our arrival in the country, and even to the recollections of the natives, the lightning had checked its presumption by searing its princely top: it rose gradually, but almost imperceptibly, bare of branches and free of excrescences: the obtrusive ivy had even forborne to entwine it: it stood, unassisted by those associations which add so much to the colossal productions of man, a naked but gigantic column, graced alone by the dignity of nature, and impressive only by its own sublimity! We successively passed the village of *Ouakekum*,—those of the *Chreluitz*—the isolated rock, called by our voyageurs, *Mont des Morts*, where the dead Indian, in his lone canoe, awaits the inundation which is to overwhelm all things.* We coasted the beautiful shores of the Multnomah Island—without forgetting to pay the village a visit, famous as it was among our voyageurs for the fat dogs the old squaws always provided—*pour faire un excellente chaudiere*; the idea of which, *en attrapant l'isle*, always made us musical, and the refrain—

Nous trouverons de quoi manger
Et des jolies filles—a nos cotés—

was joined in, with all our hearts and souls. We passed Point Belvue,

* *Mont des Morts* is a lofty isolated rock, resting upon a marshy surface on the margin of the river. Here, beneath the shadows of the impending cliff, may be seen the canoes of the Indians drawn up, each freighted with a dead body, fully equipped with bow and arrows, and a paddle, waiting for the great day to come, when the waters shall rise and float off these dreary barques to the harbor of the happy spirits.

where the riant landscape had induced Lieutenant Broughton in former days, under the command of Vancouver, to stop and, in the name of his royal master, George III, take possession of the country, which they published to the world they were the first to discover—forgetting the existence of a certain Yankee, Captain Gray—and a few miles above, we left Point Vancouver on our left, the termination of Broughton's voyage. From this spot, in the far interior, are to be seen Mounts St. Helena and Hood—mountains above mountains, with snow-capped heads, and conical forms—appearing like rugged sentinels over a savage land. The river here assumes a new character; instead of shaggy mounds, emerging from entangled woods, shelving rocks and sandy beaches alternately confine it: its breadth is much diminished, and its current begins to give warning of our approach to the rapids. Previously to reaching these, however, we pass the cabin of old blind Soto, a solitary fisherman, who calls himself a white man: his story is—and his albugineous look seems to confirm it—that he is the son of a Spaniard: a ship of that nation, in long-by days, had been wrecked at the mouth of the river; a number of its crew reached in safety the shore; the Clatsops, who inhabit Point Adams, massacred them all except four, one of whom, whose son old Soto is, settled in the country; the others, wearied with an Indian life, went into the interior, with the expectation of finding their way to some settlement of their countrymen; but no tradition of their fate has reached the present race. The portage of the rapids, where, for about a mile, the river leaps and bounds in eddying whirlpools from rock to rock, was promptly made; each man with his shoulder under a canoe, his pack on his back, and his gun in his hand. Two day's march above, we reached the falls;—here “craggs, mounds and knolls, are confusedly hurled together.” The first portage, which is that of the Dalles, is about a mile and a half long: the river has here concentrated its energies in a channel of three or four hundred feet, and sweeps, with mighty and resistless force, in a deep, rapid, and silent current, through precipitous banks of solid rock; some three hundred yards above this defile, it bounds ten or twelve feet over an adamant dam, built by the hand of nature. Here the rocky shores approach each other, forming, immediately above this *chute*, on each side, indentures, or bays; that on the right bank is a secluded nook, lined with rocks and crags, and made use of by the natives, who have a large village in the vicinity, as a port for their canoes, while that on the left is bounded by a naked and sandy plain, an appropriate place for an encampment, while in the neighborhood of the most hostile tribe that inhabits the Columbia.

We had made the portages of the Dalles and falls early in the afternoon, and wearied, worried, and in bad humor—for it had been banyan day with us since leaving the rapids—had finished our only meal of “*poisson a sept ecorces*,” when, for lack of something to do, or for some

other motive, our bourgeois proposed, if any would accompany him, to cross to the Indian village, on the other side, and endeavor to get John Reed's rifle. This rifle had been carried off the previous year, as a spoil of battle, by these rascals, who had, in the portage we had just made, attacked a party of seventeen men under Robert Stuart: two Indians had been killed, and old Reed then narrowly escaped the fate he afterwards met, having been levelled in the *melée* by a war-club, while tugging at the cover of his gun-lock. The proposition of our bourgeois was coldly received; old Reed, the elder "*commis*" of the party, for whose especial benefit the adventure was proposed, kept a respectful silence; the only volunteers that offered were Joe La Pierre, our cook—before whose eyes visions of fat dogs floated—and myself, who did not like to be backward in seconding any proposition my bourgeois would make. Joe took his stand in the stern of the canoe, and flourished his paddle—*en patron*—my seat was in the bow, where I pulled as regularly as the wheels of a steam-boat in motion, while our bourgeois seated himself in the centre, with all the dignity becoming the leader of such a force. In this guise we soon reached the little Indian port mentioned above. On landing, we freshly primed our rifles and pistols—saw that our heavy dirks were free in their scabbards, and drew tight the buckle of the strap that confined them to our waists. A winding path of about a hundred yards, among rocks and crags, led to the village. No notice seemed to be taken of our approach. Not a solitary being, man, woman, or child, greeted us. The dogs even, which always howled by instinct as it were, when we appeared, kept an ominous silence. On reaching the village, a young urchin of some twelve or fourteen summers, suddenly made his appearance, and, with a phlegmatic phiz, pointed to a house, more large than the adjacent ones: a door, two feet wide and three feet high, which absolutely required the Sir Archy posture to effect an entrance, was the only inlet to it. We went in, in the priority due to our grades, Mr. McKenzie, myself, and Joe. We had no sooner entered than a rush, from the outside, where nothing human had a moment before been visible, filled up the narrow passage. The *coup d'oeil* of the internal part was far from an agreeable one. It brought conviction at a glimpse that we had been watched, and preparation made to receive us.

The interior of the house was a parallelogram of some twenty-five by twenty feet: towards the upper extremity, a bright fire was blazing; near to it sat an Indian of some sixty winters, whom we recognized as the chief. A file of Indians, three deep, enveloped in their greasy robes, with no other part visible than their hard features, squatted in a semi-circle around three sides of the apartment. The only spot where the line was broken was the passage by which we had entered, and which was then blocked up by the irregular mass from the outside. The eyes of the file were bent to the ground, and gave no token of interest in the

scene. The chief pointed to the vacant side of the room opposite to the door, for us to take our seats. A stern and sullen silence prevailed, giving us time, however, to look round, and be well satisfied of having heedlessly placed ourselves in a position whence nothing but resolution and decision could extricate us.

Our bourgeois was equal to the emergency: one minute sufficed for him to decide: his prompt order was, "Keep your eyes on the chief while I am speaking, and should he give any sign to his band, shoot him, and make for the door."

The pipe was filled and handed to the chief, and was, as we were sure it would be, refused. Our bourgeois, with a countenance as impenetrable as their own, then opened the subject of our visit: he told them, "that the white men had come into their country for the purposes of trade, bringing them blankets, axes, knives, &c., to exchange for their peltries; that their desire was to live in peace and friendship with their red brethren; that though they possessed arms, which in their own hands resembled the thunder and lightning, in others were useless; that the chief might know this, from his having one of the white men's guns, which was valueless to him; that he had brought over from his camp two blankets, an axe, some beads, and tobacco, to exchange with the chief for the white man's gun, which he would show if the chief was willing to do so; that the white men's nation, though few here, were as numerous as the sands on the shore; that they were, when unprovoked, as gentle as the deer that roamed in their woods; but when angry, as dangerous as the rattlesnake that glides among their rocks." Profound silence ruled during this speech, and continued for some minutes; once or twice the chief raised his glaring eyes, but found ours fixed on him, with the serpent's gaze. He at length arose, commencing in a low tone, but warming as he progressed, until he wound himself to a paroxysm of violent rage.

The gist of his speech was, "that his ears had drunk what the *my-ai-whoot*, (the chief,) had said; but that it was spoken with the serpent's tongue; that the *pashishiukx*, (white men,) had already been many moons in the country, and where could one of his tribe point to a blanket, an axe, beads, or tobacco, they had given them; that his country had no furs, therefore the white men passed his people as dogs; that the blankets the white chief had with him, as well as the young chief's gun, and the white slave, (poor Joe,) ought to be left with him, as a comfort for the death of his brothers, whom a few moons since, the white men had killed; that his eyes were not yet done weeping for their death; and that the white chief had now come to deprive him of his only consolation in his calamity; that the white chief was a brother of the white men who had killed his brothers; for his young men had that day seen the pale-faced coward who lost his gun." Our bourgeois took advantage here of a momentary pause in this amiable harangue: matters were

evidently drawing to a crisis; the fiery orbs of the ruthless cordon were glaring on us with demoniacal bent, awaiting the signal of the stern old chief. We had gradually raised ourselves on our feet during the speech—had brought our rifles in a horizontal position, the barrels resting in our left hands—the muzzle of our bourgeois' within three feet of the speaker's breast, the click of the locks, as we cocked them, for a moment suffused his dark cheeks: we coolly, but promptly advanced to the door, and the Indians fell from it as a herd of deer are scattered by the stately panther.

The sun was declining as we emerged from this den. We took the precaution to keep the tops of the rocks as much as possible on our way to the canoe; and reached our camp without interruption. There our canoes were, hauled up, bottom upwards, on the beach, some ten or twelve feet asunder; the luggage was stowed at their upper extremity between them: the river formed the fourth side of the enclosure; within it our voyageurs calmly slept, to prepare them for the fatigues of the next day: without, the watch was divided between our gallant bourgeois, John Reed, and myself: the night passed off quickly, until the usual cry of *a l'eau, a l'eau, Camarades*, warned us to continue our journey.

A.

THE PRAIRIES.*

It is a common saying in the Far West, that "no man would live on the rind when he could cut into the core," and the enterprising settlers who cultivate the borders of the great Prairies in Illinois and Missouri, regard those who fell the forests and plant the clearings in our own less fertile but far healthier districts, as men who toil and sweat for the mere peelings of the fruit, which they, with less labor, enjoy in all its richness and fulness. "Nature," they will tell you, "placed the poor lands where they would be first touched, in order that folks might crack the kernel before they got at the meat." So strong indeed is this idea of the superiority of his country over all others with the older emigrant, that after asserting that the Valley of the Mississippi "flogs all creation for fertility," his appreciation of that favored region will narrow down not merely to his own district or county, but to the very prairie upon which he lives, and he will tell you that "the whole earth hasn't a location like that between Beaver Branch and Gopher Grove"—which happen to be the exact limits of his own farm.

The wary traveller will of course set down much of this to that

* A Tour on the Prairies, by the Author of the "Sketch Book," 1 vol. Carey & Lea.

boastful disposition, which though common to our countrymen generally, is more especially characteristic of the western people.—He will look at the growing family of the settler and see if their sallow features suggest no idea which may operate as a drawback to the glorious promise of ease and plenty held forth in the expatiations of the head of the family.—He will ascertain how long the settler has been a resident, and then examine whether the wealth that is treasured up in his fertile acres has enabled him yet to furnish his household with the comforts which are generally found in the dwellings of people in the same condition of life in older districts.—He will ask what are the facilities for educating his children. The reply to these inquiries almost always presents some reverse to the picture: but it must be confessed that its colors still remain sufficiently alluring. The settler will indeed look grave as he admits that “the colonel,” and “the captain,” and “little sis,” and a dozen other white-headed urchins, each of whom is similarly mentioned by some soubriquet, “did require a little doctoring”—and his wife will betray some regrets at not being able to command the many nameless domestic comforts to whose absence she is not yet quite reconciled: but the idea of rural opulence—of “plenty to eat and drink and a free range”—of being able to drive over the prairies to their neighbor twenty miles off in any direction—and of “having land enough to locate all the boys about them,” seems ultimately to triumph over all other considerations with the sanguine couple.—In a word, the feeling of *independence* is at the bottom of all their contentment, and—admitting even that they have not bettered their situation by removing from the home of their youth—this feeling appears fully to compensate them for having severed the ties of early association, and taken up their abode for the remainder of their days in a strange land.

He who has traversed the prairies can readily conceive this moral effect of dwelling upon those broad grassy domains; and although in his own mind it may exhibit itself in a more refined shape, and lead him to dwell upon the scenic beauties that bloomed around his path, yet the origin of his emotions is the same as that in the ruder bosom of the bold borderer—and the buoyant feeling of both is identical with that of a sailor who has cleared his port, and has an open sea and a fair run before him. The emotion is nothing more nor less than that same sentiment of freedom which makes the half-clothed Arab as much attached to his shifting home upon the Desert, as is the Switzer to the loveliest and most sheltered valley in which he first drew breath beneath his own romantic hills.

This indescribable sensation of free untrammelled movement, of elastic and joyous liberty, while traversing a boundless plain, is beautifully alluded to by Lord Byron, who got his idea from a French renegade among the Mamelukes; and it breaks forth continually, in the most soul-stirring passages, in Captain Head’s graphic account of his journey over

the Pampas. But the barren wastes of Africa, or the monotonous plains of the La Plata, could hardly excite the feeling in the same degree as the glorious prairies of our own country. In those whereon the sun rises and sets on either extremity, as on the ocean itself, the eye may rove with as wild a liberty as it ever revels in, on expanses still broader:—and the tufted meadows and sudden mossy steppes, the embowered copses, and tall groves that lean against the sky, would hurry one on into the wilderness who might shrink from the shifting sandhills of the Arab, or the unbroken solitude of the Gaucho. There has indeed, as yet, been one thing wanting to these boundless gardens of delight—but the charms of association with which time touches each scene in the old world, has been at length supplied by genius in the new—and Time, though he may drape the images he would hallow with a veil more holy than even genius can weave, hath no power to quicken inert powers to life, and awaken the sleeping elements of poetry into fresh and glorious existence.

The many years which Mr. Irving had passed among the cultivated and time-honored scenery of Europe, gave him a new relish for the fresher and wilder landscape of his native country; and soon after his return he commenced a tour, which, extending from the mountains of New-Hampshire to the plains of Arkansas, carried him through half the states of the Union. The savage glens of Vermont, the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, and the magnificent windings of the Ohio, were all by turns explored; while the romantic lakes of western New-York, and the boundless prairies of the Arkansas, successively claimed the admiration of the accomplished tourist. The movements of one who is so distinguished a favorite with his countrymen, were naturally watched by the public with some interest. The various journeyings of Mr. Irving became the subject of newspaper remark; and the eagerness with which he appeared to hurry from scene to scene, awakened a surmise in the reading world, that he must be engaged in some work of absorbing interest. Expectation was on the *qui vive* for a new Sketch Book; and the traveller, who had merely wandered about, wheresoever his fancy led him, for the gratification of a liberal curiosity, found, at the last stage of his journey, that he was booked for a seat in the great public omnibus, and, whether he wished it or not, he must set out once more on his travels, with whatever stage-coach companions fortune might send him. It was of no use to murmur; the public, who is the most wilful creature in the world, had set its heart upon having a book: they were determined to go over the same ground that he had, and all he had to do was just to set down and make the best arrangements for the journey in his power. Our author was fairly cornered; and, like the Yorkshire fox-hunter, who carried his city visitor over a five-barred gate to cover, by way of teaching him the quality of his sport, at the first go off, he inducts us into rough riding before the game is roused,

and beginning where his excursion terminated, plunges at once into the wilderness, without waiting for us to get fixed in the saddle by a preliminary gallop on the turnpike.

It is on a bright day in October, that our party, bent upon a month's foray in the Pawnee hunting grounds, is collected around the log cabins of an Indian agency on the south-west frontier. The spot, or *location*, we will suppose to be on the edge of a grove, where a "branch," winding through the prairie, has preserved an irregular reach of woodland from the fires which annually devastate and enrich the adjacent plains. The rude buildings of the station are grouped together upon the brink of the river, but the projecting ends of the unhewn pieces of timber, which are lashed by withes along the roof to keep the shingles in their places, appear almost to mingle with the boughs of the tall trees which rise behind them, and fling their morning shadows far over the scene. There is light enough, however, for a painter, but it comes in straggling sunbeams between the detached clumps, which are pushed out into the prairie like an advanced guard from the main body, of forest which forms the essential back-ground of the picture. Our description may not be exact in this instance, but the reader may take it for the real topography of a dozen trading posts, and agency stations, any where along the frontier. We offer it merely to frame in the breathing portraits which are thus prodigally thrown off by our author.

"Here was our escort awaiting our arrival ; some were on horseback, some on foot, some seated on the trunks of fallen trees, some shooting at a mark. They were a heterogeneous crew ; some in frock-coats made of green blankets ; others in leathern hunting-shirts, but the most part in marvellously ill-cut garments, much the worse for wear, and evidently put on for rugged service.

"Near by these was a group of Osages : stately fellows ; stern and simple in garb and aspect. They wore no ornaments : their dress consisted merely of blankets, leathern leggins, and moccasins. Their heads were bare ; their hair was cropped close, excepting a bristling ridge on the top, like the crest of a helmet, with a long scalp-lock hanging behind. They had fine Roman countenances, and broad deep chests ; and, as they generally wore their blankets wrapped round their loins, so as to leave the bust and arms bare, they looked like so many noble bronze figures. The Osages are the finest looking Indians I have ever seen in the west. They have not yielded sufficiently, as yet, to the influence of civilization, to lay by their simple Indian garb, or to lose the habits of the hunter and the warrior ; and their poverty prevents their indulging in much luxury of apparel.

"In contrast to these was a gaily-dressed party of Creeks. There is something, at the first glance, quite oriental in the appearance of this tribe. They dress in calico hunting-shirts, of various brilliant colors, decorated with bright fringes, and belted with broad girdles, embroidered with beads : they have leggins of dressed deer-skins, or of green or scarlet cloth, with embroidered knee bands and tassels : their moccasins are fancifully wrought and ornamented, and they wear gaudy handkerchiefs tastefully bound round their heads.

"Besides these, there was a sprinkling of trappers, hunters, half-breeds, creoles, negroes of every hue ; and all that other rabble rout of nondescript beings that keep about the frontiers, between civilized and savage life, as those equivocal birds, the bats, hover about the confines of light and darkness.

"The little hamlet of the agency was in a complete bustle ; the blacksmith's shed, in particular, was a scene of preparation : a strapping negro was shoeing a horse ; two half-breeds were fabricating iron spoons in which to melt lead for bullets. An old trapper, in leathern hunting-frock and moccasins, had placed his rifle against a work bench, while he superintended the operation, and gossiped about his hunting exploits ; several large dogs were lounging in and out of the shop, or sleeping in the sunshine,

while a little cur, with head cocked on one side, and one ear erect, was watching, with that curiosity common to little dogs, the process of shoeing the horse, as if studying the art, or waiting for his turn to be shod."

And now we have left the debateable ground of civilized and savage life, and are advanced some stages upon our journey. It is the hour of commencing the day's march—the bustle of breaking up an encampment is over—the horses stand ready for mounting, and the bugle gives the summons to the saddle—the troop files off through the glades of the heavy forest, and the last whoop of some loitering straggler has ceased to echo through its shadowy aisles.

"It was a bright sunny morning, with that pure transparent atmosphere that seems to bathe the very heart with gladness. Our march continued parallel to the Arkansas, through a rich and varied country; sometimes we had to break our way through alluvial bottoms matted with redundant vegetation, where the gigantic trees were entangled with grape vines, hanging like cordage from their branches; sometimes we coasted along sluggish brooks, whose feebly trickling current just served to link together a succession of glassy pools, imbedded like mirrors in the quiet bosom of the forest, reflecting its autumnal foliage, and patches of the clear blue sky. Sometimes we scrambled up broken and rocky hills, from the summits of which we had wide views stretching on one side over distant prairies diversified by groves and forests, and on the other ranging along a line of blue and shadowy hills beyond the waters of the Arkansas.

"The appearance of our troop was suited to the country; stretching along in a line of upwards of half a mile in length, winding among brakes and bushes, and up and down the defiles of the hills: the men in every kind of uncouth garb, with long rifles on their shoulders, and mounted on horses of every color. The pack-horses, too, would incessantly wander from the line of march, to crop the surrounding herbage, and were banded and beaten back by Tonish and his half-breed compeers, with volleys of mongrel oaths. Every now and then the notes of the bugle, from the head of the column, would echo through the woodlands and along the hollow glens, summoning up stragglers, and announcing the line of march. The whole scene reminded me of the description given of bands of buccaneers penetrating the wilds of South America, on their plundering expeditions against the Spanish settlements."

If any thing can be more picturesque than this march, it is a halt in one of those islets of timber, whose autumnal foliage, here and there, enamel the green prairie with hues that shame the painter's art.

"About half past ten o'clock, we made a halt in a forest, where there was abundance of the pea-vine. Here we turned the horses loose to graze. A fire was made, water procured from an adjacent spring, and in a short time our little Frenchman, Tonish, had a pot of coffee prepared for our refreshment. While partaking of it, we were joined by an old Osage, one of a small hunting party who had recently passed this way. He was in search of his horse, which had wandered away, or been stolen. Our half-breed, Beatte, made a wry face on hearing of Osage hunters in this direction. 'Until we pass those hunters,' said he, 'we shall see no buffaloes. They frighten away every thing, like a prairie on fire.'

"The morning repast being over, the party amused themselves in various ways. Some shot with their rifles at a mark, others lay asleep half buried in the deep bed of foliage, with their heads resting on their saddles; others gossiped round the fire at the foot of a tree, which sent up wreaths of blue smoke among the branches. The horses banqueted luxuriously on the pea-vine, and some lay down and rolled amongst them.

"We were overshadowed by lofty trees, with straight, smooth trunks, like stately columns; and as the glancing rays of the sun shown through the transparent leaves tinted with the many-colored hues of autumn, I was reminded of the effect of sunshine among the stained windows and clustering columns of a Gothic cathedral. Indeed there is a grandeur and solemnity in some of our spacious forests of the west, that awaken in me the same feeling that I have experienced in those vast and venerable piles, and the sound of the wind sweeping through them, supplies occasionally the deep breathings of the organ."

Contrast the rich repose of this noontide picture with the savage boldness of the following night scene.

"Before dark, our horses were gathered in and tethered about the skirts of the camp, within the outposts, through fear of Indian prowlers, who are apt to take advantage of stormy nights for their depredations and assaults. As the night thickened, the huge fires became more and more luminous; lighting up masses of the overhanging foliage, and leaving other parts of the grove in deep gloom. Every fire had its goblin group around it, while the tethered horses were dimly seen, like spectres, among the thickets; excepting that here and there a gray one stood out in bright relief.

"The grove thus fitfully lighted up by the ruddy glare of the fires, resembled a vast leafy dome, walled in by opaque darkness; but every now and then two or three quivering flashes of lightning, in quick succession, would suddenly reveal a vast champaign country, where fields and forests, and running streams, would start, as it were, into existence for a few brief seconds, and, before the eye could ascertain them, vanish again into gloom."

But we have now got upon the great hunting grounds of the far west, where the elk and the buffalo crop the rich herbage in countless herds, and the wild horse still roams the flowery waste in all his native freedom. Each member of our company is now on the alert to capture some of these rich prizes of the prairies, and one of them is at length successful.

"I was lying by the Captain's fire, late in the evening, listening to stories about those coursers of the prairies, and weaving speculations of my own, when there was a clamor of voices and a loud cheering at the other end of the camp; and word was passed that Beatte, the half-breed, had brought in a wild horse.

"In an instant every fire was deserted; the whole camp crowded to see the Indian and his prize. It was a colt about two years old, well grown, finely limbed, with bright prominent eyes, and a spirited yet gentle demeanor. He gazed about him with an air of mingled stupefaction and surprise, at the men, the horses, and the camp fires; while the Indian stood before him with folded arms, having hold of the other end of the cord which noosed his captive, and gazing on him with a most imperturbable aspect. Beatte, as I have before observed, has a greenish olive complexion, with a strongly-marked countenance, not unlike the bronze cast of Napoleon; and as he stood before his captive horse, with folded arms and fixed aspect, he looked more like a statute than a man.

"If the horse, however, manifested the least restiveness, Beatte would immediately worry him with the lariat, jerking him first on one side, then on the other, so as almost to throw him on the ground; when he had thus rendered him passive, he would resume his statue-like attitude and gaze at him in silence.

"The whole scene was singularly wild; the tall grove, partially illumined by the flashing fires of the camp, the horses tethered here and there among the trees, the carcasses of deer hanging around, and in the midst of all, the wild huntsman and his wild horse, with an admiring throng of rangers, almost as wild."

Here is admirable grouping—the figure of *Beatte*, especially, stands out in that bold relief that is only given by the most vigorous touches of the pencil. This striking character is decidedly the most interesting among all our author's *dramatis personæ*, if so they may be called. His portrait is at first outlined so carelessly, that you expect much less from him than from other characters, which, like the vaporing *Tonish*, are introduced to us more particularly; but *Beatte* is like one of those strongly-limned figures which the painter vainly attempts to keep down—springing more and more from the canvass each time the pencil goes over it.

The young rangers attempt, by purchase or barter, to get the horse from the rigid and impracticable Indian, but he laconically declines all their efforts; and his answers are equally dry and unsatisfactory, when they importune him with questions about the mode in which he has

taken his prize. Our author, however, subsequently succeeds in drawing from him the following account of his exploit.

"He informed me, that on leaving the camp, he had returned to the place where we had lost sight of the wild horse. Soon getting upon its track, he followed it to the banks of the river. Here, the prints being more distinct in the sand, he perceived that one of the hoofs was broken and defective, so he gave up the pursuit.

"As he was returning to the camp, he came upon a gang of six horses, which immediately made for the river. He pursued them across the stream, left his rifle on the river bank, and putting his horse to full speed, soon came up with the fugitives. He attempted to noose one of them, but the lariat hitched on one of his ears, and he shook it off. The horses dashed up a hill, he followed hard at their heels, when, of a sudden, he saw their tails whisking in the air, and they plunging down a precipice. It was too late to stop. He shut his eyes, held in his breath, and went over with them—neck or nothing. The descent was between twenty and thirty feet, but they all came down safe upon a sandy bottom.

"He now succeeded in throwing his noose round a fine young horse. As he galloped alongside of him, the two horses passed each side of a sapling, and the end of the lariat was jerked out of his hand. He regained it, but an intervening tree obliged him again to let it go. Having once more caught it, and coming to a more open country, he was enabled to play the young horse with the line until he gradually checked and subdued him, so as to lead him to the place where he had left his rifle.

"He had another formidable difficulty in getting him across the river, where both horses stuck for a time in the mire, and Beattie was nearly unseated from his saddle by the force of the current and the struggles of his captive. After much toil and trouble, however, he got across the stream, and brought his prize safe into the camp."

The addition of this new charger to the troop, induces the following reflection:—

"The habits of the Arab seem to have come with the steed. The introduction of the horse on the boundless prairies of the Far West, changed the whole mode of living of their inhabitants. It gave them that facility of rapid motion, and of sudden and distant change of place, so dear to the roving propensities of man. Instead of lurking in the depths of gloomy forests, and patiently threading the mazes of a tangled wilderness on foot, like his brethren of the north, the Indian of the west is a rover of the plain; he leads a brighter and more sunshiny life; almost always on horseback, on vast flowery prairies and under cloudless skies."

Of the justness of this remark, there can hardly be a doubt: its truth will be acknowledged, at all events, by those who have had an opportunity of studying the difference between the red people of the prairies and those of the woods, or the *gens du large*, and the *gens des feuilles*, as they are called in the north-west, to distinguish both from the *gens du lac*. The comment which it suggests, however, may be made to more advantage, after quoting the following passage in apposition with the above extract:—

"The Indians," says Mr. Irving, "that I have had an opportunity of seeing in real life, are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics that they are represented; taciturn, unbending, without a tear or a smile. Taciturn they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally taciturn under like circumstances. When the Indians are among themselves, however, there cannot be greater gossips. Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons, also, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the whites with whom they have associated, and who have supposed them impressed with profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting every thing in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye; occasionally exchanging a glance or a grunt with each other, when any thing particularly strikes them; but reserving all comment until they are alone. Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry, and mirth.

"In the course of my journey along the frontier, I have had repeated opportunities of noticing their excitability and boisterous merriment at their games; and have occasionally noticed a group of Osages sitting round a fire until a late hour of the night, engaged in the most lively and animated conversation; and at times making the woods resound with peals of laughter. As to tears, they have them in abundance, both real and affected; at times they make a merit of them. No one weeps more bitterly or profusely at the death of a relative or friend: and they have stated times when they repair to howl and lament at their graves. I have heard doleful wailings at daybreak, in the neighborhood of Indian villages, made by some of the inhabitants, who go out at that hour into the fields to mourn and weep for the dead. At such times, I am told, the tears will stream down their cheeks in torrents.

"As far as I can judge, the Indian of poetical fiction is like the Shepherd of Pastoral Romance, a mere personification of imaginary attributes."

Now, without meaning at all to dissent with so acute an observer as Mr. Irving, with whom our own experience coincides completely, we think the last sentence ought to be taken with some reservation. They who have painted the "Indian of poetical fiction" have erred, we apprehend, only in this particular—they have ascribed the peculiar traits of one great community of Indians to the savages of the whole continent. The Five Nations of New-York—the *Ongue-honwe*, or "men who surpassed all others," as they called themselves—are described by Colden, by La Hontan and a dozen other French writers, precisely—allowing for the ordinary exaggeration of romance—as the Indians of the continent generally have been since painted by the writers of fiction. Many of these early writers were also conversant with the habits of other tribes, both on the Atlantic and in the far west. La Hontan, as long ago as 1688, was on the Wisconsin and the Missouri: and from the discrimination he has displayed in hitting off the characters of the Ottawas, the Foxes, and other, then remote, tribes—now well known to us—there is no reason to doubt his truth when painting those near home. But if there remained a doubt of the strong and broad difference between that savage race, whose warriors, collecting in their head-quarters at Onondago, carried their arms a thousand miles away—alike to the swamps of Carolina, the prairies of Indiana, and the forests of Maine—it would be cleared up by the remains of their eloquence which have come down to us in various public documents. Nothing can be more characteristic of the genius of a people, and nothing more dissimilar from all other records of Indian character, than these remains. So far as we have examined them, they are hard, dry, and argumentative, lacking the buoyant imagery and grace of the southern and western Indian, furnished to us in many a specimen of native eloquence, but marked by a directness and concise business character, which is often wanting in their more glowing efforts. We may perhaps be allowed to quote an instance, at this moment before us, in the official report of the "Treaty held in the courthouse at Lancaster, June 27, 1744. Present, the honorable George Thomas, governor, &c., the honorable the Commissioners of Virginia, the honorable the Commissioners of Maryland, and the Deputies of the Five Nations."

The treaty being opened with the usual forms, a speech is made in behalf of the provincial governments, filled with the usual kind protestations on the part of the whites, and charged, of course, with the customary cool appropriation of a large body of land, to which they had no title. Tachanoontia, the principal chief of the Five Nations, replies at once to the address, by complimenting the speaker upon his eloquence, and returning thanks for the good feelings by which his speech was distinguished: he proposes, however, that the meeting of the commissioners shall be adjourned, in order that a full and proper reply shall be made to so weighty a harangue. The assembly being again convened, Tachanoontia goes through his exordium with all the art of the best bred diplomatist, and then, having presented the customary string of wampum, to mark the divisions of his discourse, comes at once to the gist of the matter, as follows:—

“*Brother Assaragoa,*

“In your speech this morning you were pleased to say we had wrote a letter to *James Logan*, about seven years ago, to demand a consideration for our lands in the possession of some of the *Virginians*; that you held them under the great king for upwards of one hundred and sixty years, and that we had already given up our right; and that therefore you had desired the Governor of *New-York* to send his Interpreter to us last year to *Onandago*, which he did; and, as you say, we in council at *Onandago* did declare, that we had no demand upon you for lands, and that if we had any pretensions, we should have made them known to the Governor of *New-York*; and likewise you desire to know if we have any right to the *Virginia* lands, and that we will make such right appear, and tell you what nations of *Indians* we conquered those lands from.

“Now we answer, we have the right of conquest, a right too dearly purchased, and which cost us too much blood, to give up without any reason at all, as you say we have done at *Albany*; but we should be obliged to you if you would let us see the letter, and inform us who was the Interpreter, and whose names are put to that letter; for as the whole transaction cannot be above a year's standing, it must be fresh in every body's memory, and some of our council would easily remember it; but, we assure you, and are well able to prove, that neither we, nor any part of us, have ever relinquished our right, or ever gave such an answer as you say is mentioned in your letter. Could we, so few years ago, make a formal demand, by *James Logan*, and not be sensible of our right? And hath any thing happened since that time to make us less sensible? No. And as this matter can be easily cleared up, we are anxious it should be done; for we are positive no such thing was ever mentioned to us at *Onandago*, nor any where else. All the world knows we conquered the several nations living on *Sasquehannah*, *Cohongoronta*, and on the back of the Great Mountains in *Virginia*; the *Concy-uch-such-roona*, *Coch-now-was-roonan*, *Tohoa-irough-roonan*, and *Con-nutskin-ough-roonaw*, feel the effects of our conquests, being now a part of our nations, and their lands at our disposal. We know very well, it hath often been said by the *Virginians*, that the great King of ENGLAND, and the people of that colony, conquered the *Indians* who lived there; but it is not true. We will allow they have conquered the *Sachdagughroonaw*, and drove back the *Tuscarroraws*; and that they have, on that account, a right to some part of *Virginia*; but as to what lies beyond the mountains, we conquered the nations residing there, and that land, if the *Virginians* ever get a good right to it, it must be by us; and in testimony of the truth of our answer to this part of your speech, we give you this string of wampum.

‘*Which was received with the usual ceremony.*

‘*Then Tachanoontia added,*

“That he forgot to say, that the affair of the road must be looked upon as a preliminary to be settled before the grant of lands; and,” said he, “either the *Virginia* people must be obliged to remove more easterly, or, if they are permitted to stay, our warriors, marching that way to the southward, shall go sharers with them in what they plant.”

The precision and business-like character of this address is not less

striking than its boldness. Equally characteristic, and in every way to the point, is the following speech of Canassateego, another chief of the Five Nations, at a council held in Pennsylvania, to which the sachems of the united nations had been invited, to settle some difficulties between the Delaware Indians and the government of that province.

"BRETHREN, the governor and council,

"The other day you informed us of the misbehavior of our cousins the *Delawares*, with respect to their continuing to claim, and refusing to remove from some land on the river *Delaware*, notwithstanding their ancestors had sold it by a deed under their hands and seals to the proprietaries, for a valuable consideration, upwards of *fifty* years ago, and notwithstanding that, they themselves had also not many years ago, after a long and full examination, ratified that deed of their ancestors, and given a fresh one under their hands and seals; and then you requested us to remove them, enforcing your request with a string of wampum.—Afterwards we laid on the table our own letters by *Conrad Weiser*; some of our cousins' letters, and the several writings to prove the charge against our cousins, with a draught of the land in dispute.—We now tell you, we have perused all these several papers: we see with our own eyes, that they have been a very unruly people, and are altogether in the wrong, in their dealings with you.—We have concluded to remove them, and oblige them to go over the river *Delaware*, and quit all claim to any lands on this side for the future.—To confirm to you that we will see your request executed, we lay down this string of wampum in return for yours.

"Then turning to the *Delawares*, holding a belt of wampum in his hand, he spoke to them as follows:

"COUSINS,

"Let this belt of wampum serve to chastise you. You ought to be taken by the hair of the head, and shaken severely, till you recover your senses, and become sober. You don't know what ground you stand on, nor what you are doing. Our brother *Onas's* cause is very just and plain, and his intentions are to preserve friendship. On the other hand, your cause is bad; your heart far from being upright; and you are maliciously bent to break the chain of friendship with our brother *Onas*, and his people. We have seen with our eyes a deed signed by nine of your ancestors above *fifty* years ago for this very land, and a release signed, not many years since, by some of yourselves and chiefs now living, to the number of fifteen or upwards.—But how came you to take upon you to sell land at all? We conquered you; we made women of you; you know you are women, and can no more sell land than women; nor is it fit you should have the power of selling lands, since you would abuse it. This land that you claim is gone through your guts; you have been furnished with clothes, meat, and drink, by the goods paid you for it; and now you want it again, like children as you are.—But what makes you sell land in the dark? Did you ever tell us that you had sold this land? Did we ever receive any part, even the value of a pipe-shank, from you for it? You have told us a blind story, that you sent a messenger to us to inform us of the sale; but he never came amongst us, nor we never heard any thing about it.—This is acting in the dark, and very different from the conduct our *Five Nations* observe in the sales of land; on such occasions they give public notice, and invite all the *Indians* of their united nations, and give them all a share of the present they receive for their lands.—This is the behavior of the wise united nations.—But we find you are none of our blood: you act a dishonest part, not only in this, but in other matters: your ears are ever open to slanderous reports about our brethren; you receive them with as much greediness as lewd women receive the embraces of bad men. And for all these reasons, we charge you to remove instantly; we don't give you the liberty to think about it. You are women. Take the advice of a wise man, and remove immediately. You may remove to the other side of *Delaware*, where you came from: But we do not know whether, considering how you have demeaned yourselves, you will be permitted to live there; or whether you have not swallowed that land down your throats, as well as the land on this side. We therefore assign you two places to go, either to *Wyomen* or *Shamokin*. You may go to either of these places, and then we shall have you more under our eye, and shall see how you behave. Don't deliberate, but remove away, and take this belt of wampum.

"This being interpreted by *Conrad Weiser* into *English*, and by *Cornelius Spring* into the *Delaware* language, *Canassateego* taking a string of wampum, added further:

"After our just reproof, and absolute order to depart from the land, you are now to take notice of what we have further to say to you. This string of wampum serves to

forbid you, your children and grand-children, to the latest posterity for ever, meddling in land affairs; neither you, nor any who shall descend from you, are ever hereafter to presume to sell any land: for which purpose you are to preserve this string, in memory of what your uncles have this day given you in charge.—We have some other business to transact with our brethren, and therefore depart the council, and consider what has been said to you.”

The nervous vigor and directness of this address, constitutes it an admirable specimen of native oratory. The following extract from another harangue, shows the consideration upon which this tone of confidence was predicated among the Five Nations, and what they considered the sources of their power.

“We have one thing further to say, and that is, we heartily recommend union and a good agreement between you our brethren. Never disagree, but preserve a strict friendship for one another, and thereby you, as well as we, will become the stronger.

“Our wise forefathers established union and amity between the *Five Nations*; this has made us formidable; this has given us great weight and authority with our neighboring nations.

“We are a powerful confederacy; and, by your observing the same methods our wise forefathers have taken, you will acquire fresh strength and power; therefore, whatever befalls you, never fall out one with another.”

The advice here given, so long before the organization of our federal government, has been since repeated by cultivated statesmen in a thousand shapes, but the wise precept had birth with the Five Nations, who were, in more than one sense, the *Spartans of our continent*.

But though the discursive character of magazine writing admits of such rambling discussions, yet we are keeping the reader too long from the delightful volume before us. The following description of “A Republic of Prairie Dogs,” is in Mr. Irving’s happiest style.

“It was towards evening that I set out with a companion, to visit the village in question. Unluckily it had been invaded in the course of the day by some of the rangers, who had shot two or three of its inhabitants, and thrown the whole sensitive community in confusion. As we approached, we could perceive numbers of the inhabitants seated at the entrances of their cells, while sentinels seemed to have been posted on the outskirts, to keep a lookout. At sight of us, the picket-guards scampered in and gave the alarm; whereupon every inhabitant gave a short yelp, or bark, and dived into his hole, his heels twinkling in the air as if he had thrown a somerset.

“We traversed the whole village, or republic, which covered an area of about thirty acres; but not a whisker of an inhabitant was to be seen. We probed their cells as far as the ramrods of our rifles would reach, but could unearth neither dog, nor owl, nor rattlesnake. Moving quietly to a little distance, we lay down upon the ground, and watched for a long time, silent and motionless. By and by, a cautious old burgher would slowly put forth the end of his nose, but instantly draw it in again. Another, at a great distance, would emerge entirely; but catching a glance of us, would throw a somerset, and plunge back again into his hole. At length, some who resided on the opposite side of the village, taking courage from the continued stillness, would steal forth, and hurry off to a distant hole, the residence possibly of some family connexion, or gossiping friend, about whose safety they were solicitous, or with whom they wished to compare notes about the late occurrences.

“Others, still more bold, assembled in little knots, in the streets and public places, as if to discuss the recent outrages offered to the commonwealth, and the atrocious murders of their fellow burghers.

“We rose from the ground and moved forward, to take a nearer view of these public proceedings, when, yelp! yelp! yelp!—there was a shrill alarm passed from mouth to mouth; the meetings suddenly dispersed; feet twinkled in the air in every direction; and in an instant all had vanished into the earth.

"The dusk of the evening put an end to our observations, but the train of whimsical comparisons produced in my brain by the moral attributes which I had heard given to these little politic animals, still continued after my return to camp; and late in the night, as I lay awake after all the camp was asleep, and heard in the stillness of the hour, a faint clamor of shrill voices from the distant village, I could not help picturing to myself the inhabitants gathered together in noisy assemblage, and windy debate, to devise plans for the public safety, and to vindicate the invaded rights and insulted dignity of the republic."

The following picture is a perfect *Teniers*.

"In this way we crept on, until, on turning a thick clump of trees, a frontier farmhouse suddenly presented itself to view. It was a low tenement of logs, overshadowed by great forest trees, but it seemed as if a very region of Coccagne prevailed around it. Here was a stable and barn, and granaries teeming with abundance, while legions of grunting swine, gobbling turkeys, cackling hens and strutting roosters, swarmed about the farm-yard.

"My poor jaded and half famished horse raised his head and pricked up his ears at the well-known sights and sounds. He gave a chuckling inward sound, something like a dry laugh; whisked his tail, and made great leeway toward a corn-crib, filled with golden ears of maize, and it was with some difficulty that I could control his course, and steer him up to the door of the cabin. A single glance within was sufficient to raise every gastronomic faculty. There sat the captain of the rangers and his officers round a three-legged table, crowned by a broad and smoking dish of boiled beef and turnips. I sprang off my horse in an instant, cast him loose to make his way to the corn-crib, and entered this palace of plenty. A fat good-humored negress received me at the door. She was the mistress of the house, the spouse of the white man, who was absent. I hailed her as some swart fairy of the wild, that had suddenly conjured up a banquet in a desert; and a banquet was it in good sooth. In a twinkling, she lugged from the fire a huge iron pot, that might have rivalled one of the famous flesh pots of Egypt, or the witches' caldron in Macbeth. Placing a brown earthen dish on the floor, she inclined the corpulent caldron on one side, and out leaped sundry great morsels of beef, with a regiment of turnips tumbling after them, and a rich cascade of broth, overflowing the whole. This she handed me with an ivory smile that extended from ear to ear; apologizing for our humble fare, and the humble style in which it was served up. Humble fare! humble style! Boiled beef and turnips, and an earthen dish to eat them from! To think of apologizing for such a treat to a half-starved man from the prairies; and then such magnificent slices of bread and butter! Head of Apicius, what a banquet!"

We close this attractive volume with the less regret, from knowing that it is but the commencement of a series, and will soon be followed by others from the same gifted pen. We sat down at first merely to take a taste of it; to turn over a few pages, and see how the author had treated his subject, and then to reserve the book for quiet and leisurely enjoyment afterward. In this mood we read the introduction, which, in point of style, is decidedly among the most felicitous of Mr. Irving's writings. We next looked a little further in advance, in order to discover the immediate scenes the author had before him; and then learning the precise quarter in which he was bound, we could not lay down the book without ascertaining who were to be his companions. We made the acquaintance of each almost before we were aware of it, and became interested in the part which each was to take in the wild expedition before him. We were anxious to see them all well mounted, and fairly started on their journey. We could not help following them to their general rendezvous. They crossed the border—and still we loitered near to witness their first interview with the rangers. They began their march:—the bugle rang out on the soft air of a still Indian

summer morning:—the mounted riflemen filed off slowly beneath the boughs of the rich autumnal forest:—the hunters and trappers spurred more eagerly along the flanks, and shot off in the adjacent prairies. We watched the gleam of their rifles as their forms were gradually lessened and lost over the rolling plain, and the shouts of Tonish, echoed back by his half-breed compeers, as the last pack-horse disappeared in a ravine, came distinctly upon our ears. We looked around over the grassy domain, diversified with its scattered groves and forests, and glassy pools reflecting their painted foliage:—we moved a little to catch another glance of the last straggler that remained to give life to the landscape, and before he had joined the column, we found ourselves galloping by his side, and in full career over the Grand Prairie. Nor could we then tear ourselves from the party, until their wayworn and jaded horses, after many a buffalo hunt and wild foray, were stabled once more at Cantonment Gibson, and their riders had dispersed to their distant homes. In a word, we never laid down the book until we had read it completely through. He who feels the slightest interest in the kind of life here described, will find nowhere so captivating and yet thoroughly faithful a picture of its realities as is presented in Mr. Irving's work.—He who has once tasted it, will burn at every page to be once more upon the prairies. There is no story in the book—no single tissue of strange adventure—no train of declamatory commonplace and theatrical sentiment. It is simply a picture of *life*—a picture drawn with the most easy and unaffected hand; but laid in colors, rich, warm, and enduring: for the style of the writer, like the Claude-like atmosphere of our own Indian summer, embalms every object in mellow yet glorious repose.

We have but a few words to add in conclusion, and with these we would express the hope that our author, in the next number of "the Crayon Miscellany," would, when detailing the adventures in which he shared, appear a little more in *propria persona*. The gallant young count, and that diverting scaramouch, Tonish, who figure so prominently in the tour to the prairies, are both agreeable enough in their way; but when the author of a book of travels is an individual so distinguished as Mr. Irving, the chief interest of the reader centres in him: and however modestly and gracefully he may attempt to transfer it to another, there is a feeling of baffled sympathy and dissatisfaction when he does not admit us to a full share of his own peculiar habits and feelings, his pleasures and vexations, hopes, fears, and reflections. The "*quorum magna pars*," which Virgil puts into the mouth of the Trojan traveller, has been true of every popular tourist since that sad Darden Rouée narrated the story of his wanderings to the fair Phœnician.

THE FORTUNES OF THE MAID OF ARC.

THE RECOGNITION.

Alex. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors,
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortalized.

Shaks.

IN a vast Gothic hall, within the ancient walls of Poitiers, the Parliament of France had been convened, during the occupation of the capital by their brave invaders. They had come together, the Peers, both temporal and spiritual of the realm, in full numbers, and in all the gorgeous magnificence of the feudal ages; nor would it be easy to conceive a scene of more exalted splendor than that which was presented by this august assemblage. The long hall, lighted on either hand by a row of tall lanceolated windows, through which the daylight streamed, not in its garish lines of unmellowed lustre, but tender, rich, and melancholy, through the medium of the thousand hues, in which were blazoned on the narrow panes the bearings of many a noble house; the clustered columns hung with gigantic suits of armor; the fantastic carvings of the capitals; the groining of the vaulted roof, with the bannered trophies of ten centuries swaying to and fro in the light currents of air that played through the hall; the long central table, with its rich covering of crimson velvet, and the displayed insignia of royalty, the sword, the sceptre, and the mace of Charlemagne; the throne, with its massive gilding, and its canopy of cloth of gold; all had been prepared with as much of elaborate taste, as though a victorious monarch were about to receive the congratulations of his assembled feudatories, in the high places of his hereditary dominion. Far different, however, from the splendor which surrounded them on every side, was the expression that sat, with hardly an exception, on every brow through that proud conclave. It was one pervading universal expression of restless anxiety, of universal dismay. Old knights were there, whose beards had grown long and hoary beneath the helmet, which had scarcely left their brows since the distant days of their boyhood; men who had proved and rued the discipline and valor of the English yeomanry at Cressy and Poitiers; men, over whom a silent century had sped its course, and left them broken in body, but untamed in spirit, and unsubdued in intellect; chiefs were there, whose maiden swords had, for the first time, gleamed on the disastrous field of Agincourt, chiefs, to whom the deadly

onset was dearer than the voluptuous dance, the maddening clamor of the trumpet more congenial than the minstrel's lute; but of the hundreds who sat in long array, in ermined robes and caps of maintenance, scarce one in fifty had passed the middle age of manhood. The noblesse of France had been fearfully decimated by the merciless sword of England, which had converted their finest provinces into sterile and uncultivated deserts. Year after year had brought the same dark tidings of defeat and desolation, of captivity and death. The burgonets of ancient houses, for the most part, pressed the sunny locks of boyhood; and the task of deliberating on the weal of kingdoms had, for the most part, descended to the gallant youth, more fitted to chaunt love ditties in the bower of willing beauty, or to fight with impetuous ardor in the first ranks of the battle, than to frame laws, or to solve nice points of casuistry. A yet more remarkable token of the insecurity of the times, was to be found in the shirts of linked mail, or coats of plate, which were universally worn beneath the ermined garments of the senators—in the concourse of pages and esquires without, bearing each the casque, the buckler, and the weapons of his lord—and in the barbed war-horses, that were led to and fro in full caparison beneath the windows of the council-chamber. More incongruous yet would it have appeared to modern eyes, could they have witnessed the highest dignitaries of the church, clad like their temporal brethren, in all the panoply of warfare; yet there were present at least a score of these literal members of a church militant, who would have been, perhaps, more familiar with the usage of the lance than of the crosier, and to whose lips the *banner-cry* of their families would have risen more promptly than mass or benediction.

Assembled as these nobles were, ready alike for combat or for council, it would seem that there was yet a something wanting ere they could proceed to business; impatient glances were thrown towards the sun, that was already riding high in the heavens, and to the throne, which was as yet unoccupied. Nor was this all; murmurs of disapprobation were beginning to be heard, even among the most volatile spirits of the Parliament, while the more aged councillors knit their dark brows and shook their heads, boding no good to France or its inhabitants, so long as its destinies should be swayed by a monarch ever willing to postpone the most serious duties for the prosecution of some headlong sport, or of some licentious amour. It was, perhaps, with a view of calling the attention of the court to this strange neglect of the reigning sovereign—for the sway of monarchs was vastly abridged by the power of their higher vassals—that the bishop of Senlis, a tall, iron-limbed, and hard-featured prelate, who wore his cape and robes over a suit of Milan steel superbly damasked with gold, which clanked ominously as he strode to the central table, rose as if to speak. Scarcely, however, had he broken silence, before a cry was heard

without—Room! room! for the king!—Room! for the bold Dunois!—Room! for the prophet maiden”—followed by cheering so tumultuous that the banners flapped heavily, as if a mighty wind had fallen upon their folds, and not a few of the younger nobles sprang to their feet in astonishment. In an instant the doors were thrown open; and well might the nobles gaze in wonder at the group that entered. With his wonted impetuosity, Charles had not stopped, even for a moment's space, to alter his attire, ere he entered the presence of his Peers—springing from his horse, and casting its rein to the esquire in waiting, commanding his attendants to follow without delay, he rushed into the supreme council of his nation in his hunting dress, with the stains of the chase fresh upon spur and buskin. This would, however, have called forth no surprise on the part of the Peers, accustomed, as they long had been, to the extravagancies of the young king, who, though he could, when it listed him so to do, debate as sagely as the wisest of their number, or array a host, with his own lance for leading staff, as soldierly as any, save perhaps Dunois, was just as likely to fling away from business of the most engrossing interest to mingle in the dance or lead the hunt. On the entrance of Charles, indecorous as was the speed with which he strode up the hall, and unsuited as was his garb to the occasion, all had arisen, and several of the highest dignity advanced as if to conduct him to the throne; but when Dunois was seen to pass the threshold with the prophet maiden supported on his stalwart arm, a general murmur of disgust passed along the crowded benches, and seemed about to swell into notes of deeper and more fearful import. Nor indeed was she a spectacle peculiarly adapted to the scene. In an age when the greatest possible veneration was paid to rank, and when humble parentage was almost deemed a crime, it was scarcely possible that the haughtiest council of Europe would brook the intrusion—even when sanctioned by their monarch—of a mere peasant-girl into their solemn halls of audience. At this moment, too, there was another, and yet a stronger reason for the anger of the Peers. They doubted not but that Charles, with a degree of levity which he had never before reached, even in his wildest moments of license, was introducing a paramour to their august presence—a peasant paramour. Yet, had they looked on the speaking lineaments, rather than on the frock of serge and leathern girdle—had they marked the flash of her dark eye, as she gazed around her, unawed by the dignity, and undisturbed by the displeasure of the Parliament—had they marked the indignant expression, the curl of her lip, and the expansion of her nostrils, as she caught the sound of some disparaging epithet—had they cared to read the meaning of the deep crimson flush, that rushed over her cheek and brow, they could not, for a second's space, have deemed her a thing of infamy, perhaps they scarcely could have believed her other than a scion of some time-honored race.

It was but for a moment, however, that the tumult—for the manifestation of anger had reached a pitch which almost justified that title—was permitted to endure. The best and noblest of the Peers rushed forward, though scarcely less indignant than their fellows, to enforce silence at least, if not respect and homage.

"How now, my lieges!" cried the youthful king, standing erect in the centre of the hall, "have ye no warmer welcome for your sovereign than these tumultuous clamors—methinks such tones were best reserved till we join fronts with England's archery; and then, my lords, will Charles send forth his voice to swell the war-cry of his fathers!—MONT JOY SAINT DENIS!"

"But little chance is there, *Beau Sire*," interrupted the warrior-bishop, with a freedom of speech that would at any time have been deemed to border upon discourtesy at least, if not on treason—"But little chance is there, *Beau Sire*, that France's nobles should be summoned to other conflict than that of the midnight banquet or the morning chase, by a prince who deems it fitting his own dignity to lead his low-born concubines into the very halls of his high Parliament!—And for that matter, little chance is there that they would heed his bidding, even should he, in some wild caprice, unfold the oriflamme, and call his vassals to the field of honor."

"Sayest thou, Sir Bishop!" shouted the gallant boy, his brow crimsoning with the eloquent blood of indignation—"Sayest thou—and to me?—Now by the honor of a child of France, thou shalt account to me for this outrage.—Ho! Dunois—summon our guards, and let yon brawler learn if cope and cowl should buckler such a cause as he has dared uphold this morning.—Nay, speak not for him, Dunois—nor thou, fair prophetess; for by my father's soul, Senlis shall lose her bishop ere the sun set.—Our guards! what ho! our guards!"—

The gates were flung open at the monarch's cry; and a dozen sergeants of the guard, in royal liveries, with partizans advanced, and swords already glittering in the sunshine, were seen without the archway. "Forward! my guards," he cried again in a yet louder voice. "Bertrand de Montmorenci, seize yon factious bishop—seize him!" he continued, seeing some slight hesitation on the part of the officer—"Seize him, were he at the holy altar—ourselves will reckon with the mother church!"—

Slowly the guards marched forward, in compact and steady order; and so silent was that assembly, which had but a moment before showed like the ocean billows chafing beneath the tempest, that not a sound was heard, save the heavy tramp of the armed warders, as they advanced to do the bidding of their monarch. The haughty prelate stood erect and fearless, meeting the glowing features and flashing eye of the youthful king with an expression as proud, a port as fearless as his own. The guards drew nigher, and yet nigher; but, at the very instant when

they were about to lay hands on the offender, as if by a common impulse, the whole assembled peerage advanced a pace or two, as if to assert the privilege of Parliament; and, although no word or gesture of violence had as yet occurred, it became evident even to the prince that the sense of the assemblage was against him, and that a tumult, the desperate nature of which might be conjectured from the determined silence of the actors, must be the result of his persisting in the arrest of his seditious noble. Still there was no touch of fear or hesitation in his noble spirit. "Speak not to me, Dunois," he replied, in a hoarse, low whisper, as his best councillor implored him to be prudent—"Speak not to *me*. I am the king of France! and never did king brook so foul a contumely from the lips of subject. No! Let them murder me, if they will, in my own courts of Parliament, and write in the records of their house, that the Peers of France have deemed it worthy of their own, and of their country's honor, to slay the heir of Charlemagne for upholding his own good name. Speak not to *me*; for by the blessed sun that sees us both, Albert of Senlis, or Charles of France, shall close his eyes this night upon those splendors, never to see them more!"

As he spoke, he laid his hand on the hilt of his hunting-sword, and advanced in person to seize, with his own hand, the haughty churchman. A hoarse, low murmur ran through the hall, like the shuddering breath that agitates the woodland before the coming of the tempest, but he marked or recked it not—another instant would have unsheathed a thousand swords, and the miseries of that unhappy realm would have been augmented yet more terribly by the mutual strife and slaughter of those, who should have been her best defenders. The bishop still stood erect; and now, confident of the support of the banded feudatories, a smile curled his lip, and he perused, with a half-contemptuous expression, the lineaments of the king as he strode on to seize him, followed by the resolute though still reluctant Dunois. At this critical moment, when another word or action would have given rise to deeds, which never could have been recalled, the Maid of Arc stood forward.

"Forbear!" she cried, in a voice so high and musical that, even in that moment of excitement and impending violence, it fell on every ear with a soothing sound, and arrested every impetuous arm—"Forbear! thou child of France—and thou, sir bishop.—Shame!—Shame, that a minister of holy church should be a minister of wrath and evil. Hear me!" she continued, with animation still increasing as she spoke—"Nobles and knights of France, hear me! the MESSENGER OF HEAVEN! I have come by the will of THE FATHER, to save the sons of France from the polluting blight of the invader!—I, a peasant maiden, who lay down to rest, and rose up to labor, with no higher thoughts than of my daily toils—I, Joan of Arc, am sent by the MOST HIGH to lead the hosts, and wield the sword of vengeance!—A few short hours since were my words rude, and my thoughts lowly; now, by gift of HIM

who sent me, my speech is eloquent, my breast is full of high and glorious aspirations, my soul is rich with wisdom!—Start not, nor doubt my words, for I have proved them!—See ye this blade,”—and she waved it triumphantly above her head—“This blade—once of St. Denis, now of a mightier than St. Denis?—Five dark and silent centuries hath it lain in the mouldering tomb, unknown, unnoted, and forgotten, for it was unneeded!—But the voice which roused me from my sleep of ignorance revealed it. The Lord of Hosts had need of an avenger, and he hath armed her for the field with that miraculous sword, which shall be red as crimson with the proudest blood of England. Nobles and knights, to arms—your king, your country, and your God, call you to arms!—Ere six months have elapsed, I tell ye, France shall be delivered. I tell ye that the oriflamme shall float in glory o’er the walls of Orleans. I tell ye that this child of France shall buckle on the sword, and shall be crowned with the crown of Charlemagne in the high church of Rheims—and by thy hands, Lord Bishop!—Princes, and Paladins, and Peers, I do conjure you by a sign, I do command ye by a power which ye see not, but must obey!—To arms for France and Freedom!—To arms for France and Vengeance! It is the will of God!”—

Strange had been the emotions of those high spirits during the appeal of the peasant maiden; pride, at first, and contempt were painted on every scowling brow; but as her words waxed powerful and high, as her voice flowed like the continued blast of a silver trumpet, as her bosom heaved with inspiration, and as her dark eyes flashed with supernatural lustre, contempt and pride were lost in astonishment and admiration. She struck the key of their insulted patriotism, and they burned—she spoke to their superstitions, and they well nigh trembled—she asserted the assistance of a power which they must obey; and the proudest, the noblest, the haughtiest assembly of the Christian world heard—and they did obey. One voice—as she concluded her fervid harangue—one powerful voice sent forth her last words, shouting them as though they were a battle-cry—“To arms! It is the will of God.” It was the voice of the best and bravest—it was the voice of the stern Dunois.

From heart to heart it ran like an electric shock—from lip to lip it pealed—“To arms—for France and Freedom! To arms—for France and Vengeance! It is the will of God!” Louder it rang, and louder, till battlement and turret seemed to rock before the earthquake clamor, and the maiden read the certainty of triumph in the enthusiastic confidence of those she was about to lead to victory.

"THAT FAIR LADYE."

IMITATED FROM THE OLD ENGLISH.

I.

'Twas a vision of fair ladye,
 Kept, and still must keep, me here,
 Sadly sighing, when I should be
 Flying in some other air—
 Such the fetter thrown around me,
 That she ever more has bound me,
 That fair ladye, that fair ladye,
 Cruel thus to keep me here.

II.

Many a hope would sweetly woo me,
 And in other regions blest,
 Love and honor both pursue me,
 Seeking places for my quest.
 Still I linger, never fleeing,
 Losing fame, and love, and being,
 That fair ladye, that fair ladye,
 Is a mountain on my breast.

III.

Like a bird around whose pinion
 Spells have drawn a subtle chain,
 I would fly the close dominion,
 But I seek to fly in vain.
 Vainly words of grief I utter,
 In my cage I fret and flutter—
 That fair ladye, that fair ladye,
 Laughs, even while she sees my pain.

IV.

With a spirit uncomplaining,
 I would still in bond repose,
 Were she not, for aye, disdain
 The poor captive in her close.
 Would she now and then smile on him,
 Blessing still, what still undone him,
 That fair ladye, that fair ladye,
 Still might keep him, Heaven knows.

W. G. S.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

NUMBER ONE.

Forty-nine?—Yes I was forty-nine yesterday—In my fiftieth year!
 Heavens! how time passes. I met young George W——, at C——'s

dinner yesterday, and for the life of me, I couldn't conceive that that tall young dandy was my Araminta's son. Had I had the training of that boy he should never have worn those hideous mustachios. The young rascal looked at me as if he knew I had once aspired to be his father—Zounds! I could have kicked the puppy—

“But then he had his mother's eyes
And they were all to love and me.”

Poor Araminta!—She “is not happy—doesn't look it—That eye that reads the ground”—pshaw! what is it to me what she reads? It isn't my fault that she has a brute for a husband—I was talking about him last night with Laura K——, and we both agreed it was a most ill-assorted marriage—Laura ought to know the man's disposition too, since she was so long engaged to him. I wonder if her flirtation with Ned Effingham was not the cause of that match being broken off? She's a good girl, Laura K——, I've thought so this thirty years. Somehow or other, though, I'm afraid matters will never come to any thing between us. I shouldn't know where to spend my evenings if she were married, as some fool has said before me.

What a bore our club is—I really can't stand it for more than two nights in a week—The only thing that takes me there is to see Poins Grey bait Twaddleton Fitz-Flummery—I used to think that something might be made of Fitz, but what can you expect of a man who eats peanuts and spells music with a *k*? Bagavin was there, solemn and pompous as ever, and little Fitz booing to him as usual—That man always recalls a sentence of Rochefoucault that I used to parse in my French exercises when a schoolboy—“Gravity is but a mystery of the body to conceal the defects of the mind.” He is always associated in my mind with a bulky and stupid-looking edition of Wanoistroct's Grammar.

We talked French affairs and the new Restaurant in Park Place—Flummery thought that there was some deep political design beneath the French courses, which are so gradually ousting steaks and chops from the tables of diner's-out, and Augustus Simperley held up his hands in holy horror when the word “war” was mentioned. “Scourge of Nations!” croaked Bagavin—“Bane of arts and industry! Will the sacred influence of religion never, &c. &c.” What an age of cant we do live in: Hear what a man of sense who wrote two generations since, says on this subject.

“No complaints are more frequent than against the weather when it suits not our purpose: ‘a dismal season!’ ‘we shall all be drowned,’ or ‘we shall be burnt up.’ And yet we never think that there might be more occasion to complain were the weather left to our own direction. The weather is not the only instance of distrust in Providence: It is a common topic to declaim against war! manifold indeed are the blessings of peace; but doth war never produce any good? A fair comparison

may possibly make it doubtful whether war, like the weather, ought not to be resigned to the conduct of Providence: Seldom are we in the right when we repine at its dispensation."

There's a deal of good sense in this simple proposition—aye, and of sound religion too: for however we may speculate upon the interference of heaven in our free agency among the more trifling concerns of life—the daily routine of individual existence—who can doubt but that He who sends the sunshine and the storm, and holds the nations in the hollow of his hand, looses them only at his pleasure against each other, and sends his blessing abroad as well in the firebrand and the thunderbolt as in the dew and the sunbeam? There are some virtues which, like the nutritious plants that subsisted Ross and his companions in their ice-ribbed bower, will spring only beneath an iron blast. There are vices too, which, like the poisonous vegetation of a southern swamp, flourish only in sultry repose. Commercial enterprise exerts such a tremendous effect, both salutary and pernicious, in our age and country, that its influences have been greater here in a few years of peace and prosperity, than centuries of political tranquillity have made them in other countries. Our strides in improvement and in degeneracy have been alike gigantic. Our people, in the aggregate, are becoming daily more distinguished for boldness and energy in executing schemes that tend to the aggrandizement of communities; but I think that the thousand meannesses ever attendant upon the inordinate thirst of gain, are not less apparent. The doctrines of utilitarianism, so much in vogue, tend always at last to a sordid centering in self. The *cui bono*, when applied so immediately to learning, to politics, and to the domestic relations of life, must inevitably rob virtue of its vitality, and cause everything like elevation of character to exhale from the land. I daily see motives of action avowed in the newspapers, and in society, that would have damned a man both politically and privately twenty years ago. The assumption of disinterestedness is to be sure the mere homage which worldliness pays to honor; but when the offering is no longer made, it is pretty strong evidence that the altar has ceased to be in repute.

I like the Frenchman, and would hate to quarrel with him; but we certainly do want a war,—if it is only to make people talk about francs instead of dollars.

I see a new work, from Cooper, is announced. I like Cooper; his faults are grievous, but I like him. There's a good deal of brawny talent about Cooper. Subject him to comparative criticism, and, as a standard, he is not to be named with Irving, Channing, or Verplanck: but examine his writings analytically, and he stands well by himself. His defects I regard only as I do the scales of a shell-bark hickory—the excrescences afford a ready foothold for cats and critics, but they do not mar the vigorous proportions of the stalwart trunk.

I have passed a delightful hour in Inman's studio to-day. Artists appear to me to be the only men that have any thing peculiar about them, and I like them on that account. The nature of their pursuits guards them from the coarser attrition of the world, which sooner or later makes all men duplicates of each other; and their intercourse with the best educated portions of society, just polishes them enough to leave some character of their own. What a fervor of spirit there is in I.'s pictures! His figures appear to me sometimes out of drawing, but his heads certainly have an eloquence of coloring which I see in no other painter. There is life—breathing breezy life in the quivering forests of Cole; and there is heaven, to me, in the delicious skies of Wier: but I have seen some women's faces by Inman, in which life and heaven, in which the bliss of other worlds, and the tenderness of this, in which the muscle, blood, and fibre of God's creatures, with all the intellect he has ever breathed into them, were blended with a Promethean power. This is the poetry of the art: and the actual portraits that are embodied with it, have a far greater charm, in my eyes, than the regularly-featured ideals of the painter's imagination. The most enchanting features that I ever looked upon, were those of a saint somebody, painted, by the by, from a naughty nun, that I saw once in Mexico. The picture carried me back at once to the Florentine gallery, and I stood once more an ardent boy of nineteen, before the wives and mistresses of the great Italian masters, that still survive in their adorable Madonnas. It was the image of little Emma Atherton, except that it did not eternally show its teeth, like a walking advertisement to the Crawcours.

By the way, it always strikes me, that that is a beautiful thing—a woman being immortalized by her lover! How much more we like those who have come down to us in painting and in song, than those who have taken the reins of Fame's chariot in their own hands, and, like that false-hearted vixen, the English Elizabeth—who swore like a coachman—thrashed down to posterity like a Bowery trotter on the third avenue. Women should appear to be wooed, even by Fame. The ancients, to be sure, personified her as a sister female, but then she was always a girl of bad report, and those of her sex who would wear her favors, should employ a go-between to make the advances.

Tuesday.—What a vile, capricious climate ours is, here along the seaboard. Yesterday was just one of those days when women never take their hair out of paper, but, shawling over the loose array of their neglected toilet, sit stewing over the last new novel, wherever they may happen to settle down after breakfast. I did not go into the parlor, for I hate a sloven; and three out of the five pretty women at our boarding-house, might read Jeremy Taylor's "Marriage Ring" to advantage. How beautifully does the old fellow allude to that delicate

consideration for each other's tastes and feelings, which must, after all, constitute the soul of happiness in married life, and the want of which, in the springtime of affection, must wither its buds, even as they are blowing into life.

"Everything can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun, and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of the tempest, and yet never be broken: so," says the old-fashioned preacher, "are the early unions of an unfixed marriage."

So Lady Morgan's come out with a new book. Why don't that woman stop writing? There's talent in her works; but then the jargon in which they are written makes me sick. She crams in the words against the stomach of my sense, and I always have to take a page or two of Cobbett's wholesome English to restore its tone.

Cobbett! you read Cobbett—the renegade! the, the sc——.

Yes, yes; I know it—I know it all, and yet I read Cobbett. I read him for his real hard-horse sense. I delight in that downright go-ahead style of his, which grapples with the subject like an English bull-dog; and whether it be great or little, a yearling heifer or a full-grown buffalo, flings it down before you, so that you can put your foot upon it. Sheer sense, urged with masculine force and inextinguishable spirit, give an influence to that man's writings which even his rascally character can hardly impair. I would ensure them for a low premium on their voyage to posterity. For talent, like the Egyptian embalmers of old, preserves the bad as well as the good—the reptile as well as the man from destruction.

I saw C. last night, at Mrs. ——. How much that man has altered since we were schoolboys together. He has taken up politics as a trade, which I consider as bad as selling one's self to the devil—a thing which I thought had gone out entirely, till I witnessed the arch necromancy of M. Adrien. Politics, though an excellent mistress, makes but a poor wife—to flirt with them lends a zest to existence, but to be wedded to them dries up the best springs of life. For ambition, swallowing up all other passions and affections, devours, like Saturn, each kindly offspring of the heart, in order to sit alone upon its barren throne.

C. has proved a perfect worldling, but my estimate of his abilities is as high as ever. I do not think, indeed, that I have ever been mistaken in the *minds* of my intimates, though I have certainly made some queer blunders in guaging their *hearts*. Such mistakes are nothing to

a man; but I cannot conceive any thing more unhappy for a woman, than a want of discrimination of character in forming her friendships, and fixing her partialities. Life has, comparatively, so few resources for her, that when she misplaces her affections, the error is often irretrievable. She is a being of sympathy; her feelings go forth in the morning of life like the sunbeam in the apologue, that sought all day some object to reflect back its warmth, and found it only in the freezing wave that broke even as it mocked its image at the evening's close. Some one turned this idea prettily in a game of "crambo" at Mrs. — the other evening. I suspect it was Clara F., from the fact of S., a few moments before, having pronounced her "the most unsentimental woman in the world."

Aye! thus 'tis I would have them think,
The world—of which I ne'er knew one
That was not cold as waves, that drink—
And smile to cheat—the wooing sun.

For I have friendship's falseness proved;
Have loved—as woman's loved before—
Have loved—as she who once hath loved,
Can love again on earth no more.

It matters not how friends deceived,
It matters not how love went wrong,
I only feel that I believed—
I only know I hoped—too long.

What is't to me, that mid the crowd
There may be some unlike the rest,
That at the shrine to which I've bowed,
Others may kneel, nor kneel unblest'd.

Though many a barque hope's sea upon—
Freighted, like mine, may reach the shore—
Its cheering track is lost to one
That knows nor sail nor compass more.

Ruth Latimer was at Mrs. —, and entertained me with a philosophical disquisition upon lady-like young men. She assimilated the quadrille, in which she was dancing, to a cotton factory—because there were so many *spindles* running. Ruth's a clever woman; but I never yet heard of a girl who joked herself into a husband. And yet I like humor in a woman: especially when it softens beauty like that of Kate Hesketh. Humor is more akin to feeling than wit is. Punning, like mimicry, I take to be merely a low order of the last. The possession of humor I think always implies a delicacy of perception which is generally accompanied by sensibility. Coleridge must have been of this opinion when he said that "men of humor are always in some degree men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may amongst other gifts possess wit—as did Shakspeare."

Apropos to wit, where was mine when I promised that witch Sue

Dornton to get up a Boat Club party for her—Why didn't she practice upon some of the members instead of boring such an old cock as I am—By the by, that reminds me that I promised a rowing song to one of those youngers—I might as well, to be sure, try and cut an *Entre-chat* as lead off in a "*Gradus ad Parnassum*," but no matter, here goes :

BOAT SONG.

I.

We court no gale with wooing sail,
 We fear no squall a'brewing :
 Seas smooth or rough, skies fair or bluff,
 Alike our course pursuing.
 For what to us are winds, when thus
 Our merry boat is flying ;
 While bold and free, with jocund glee,
 Stout hearts her oars are plying.

II.

At twilight dun, when red the sun,
 Far o'er the water flashes ;
 With buoyant song, our barque along
 His crimson pathway dashes.
 And when the night devours the light,
 And clouds are thick'ning o'er us ;
 The stars steal out, the skies about,
 To dance to our bold chorus.

III.

Sometimes near shore, we ease our oar,
 While beauty's sleep invading ;
 To watch the beam through her casement gleam,
 As she wakes to our serenading.
 Then each who will may a bumper fill,
 Ere we bound again o'er the billow ;
 With a blue-jacket's toast to the girl he loves most,
 As she dreams of him on her pillow.

IV.

Thus on and on till the night is gone,
 And the garish dawn is breaking ;
 While landsmen sleep, we boatmen keep
 The soul of frolic waking.
 And though lonely then may our craft look, when
 To her moorings day has brought her,
 By the moon amain she is launched again,
 To dance o'er the gleesome water.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

GENERAL HAMILTON—by Ball Hughes.
—This is decidedly an exceedingly clever piece of sculpture, and quite sufficient to set the artist at the very summit of his profession in this country, although we cannot go quite so far as to style it equal to the productions of Canova, or even of Chantrey, Nollekins, or Westmacott.—The attitude is extremely good; easy, yet firm withal, and simple—the latter, by the way, being rather an unusual merit in the pupils of Canova, who, like their great master, are generally more remarkable for grace and voluptuous symmetry than for simplicity. Nothing can, however, be more perfectly natural, in every respect, than the figure and attitude of this fine statue; the head has an easy turn and is admirably well set on, bearing in its position a something which betokens both energy and decision of character—it struck us at first sight that it was rather unduly large when compared with the frame, but perhaps it is not too much so for intellectuality. The asperities and uncouth outlines of a modern dress, have been very successfully kept down; the draperies of the cloak fall in rich massive folds with a perfectly easy flow, and are not the least indications of the sculptor's art and taste. The lower limbs are exquisitely modelled and wrought, but after a long and deliberate survey, we are decidedly of opinion that the left arm, which hangs gracefully down by the side, is entirely too short, notwithstanding all proper allowance for the curvature of the elbow, and the slight bend of the wrist and fingers; we were the further confirmed in this opinion, by comparing it with the right arm, which is advanced in the act of grasping a scroll, and which, we conceive, if suffered to fall in the same direction as its fellow, would reach considerably lower on the thigh. Notwithstanding, however, this slight defect, if indeed there be one—and it would be an exceedingly bold assertion to maintain that such was the case without proving its justice by actual measurement—it is a noble statue—one that has never, we believe, been approached in excellence by any piece of sculpture executed in this country, and one which could not be easily improved on or excelled in any other land—even in Italy herself. It is to be regretted much that the block of marble from which it is cut should not have been of a more perfect tint, for although the white is in itself pure and colorless, it is nevertheless disfigured by many veins of a gray shade, which necessarily detract, in some degree, from its perfect beauty. It is still further to be regretted that it is wretchedly ill-

placed—being erected centrally between two cross-lights, so that look at it from either side, you must see it in a full glare, and at the same time more or less in relief. In addition to which, a line of light is thrown from behind on all the outlines, so as to deprive them in a great measure, of their distinctness, without imparting to them any of that softness which might be gained by a more judicious arrangement. There is a wonderful contrast in this respect between this statue and the Bishop's monument, which, although in every other respect infinitely inferior to this fine work, is so exceedingly well placed that it is invested with an almost divine expression from the manner in which the tinted light is made to fall between the monument and the eyes of the spectator.

COLLECTION OF THE ANCIENT MASTERS. ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.—This gallery, which has lately been offered to Congress with a view to the formation of a great national collection, and rejected only by a small majority, consists of probably the finest pictures that have ever been exhibited in this country, and contains four or five *Chef d'œuvres* so exquisite as to be more than worth the entire price now demanded for the whole. It is with regret that we perceive that the collection has been already dismembered by the sale of one or two of its most beautiful if not its most important pictures—one in particular, a small cabinet painting of St. Sebastian, has been sold, a perfect gem, of drawing, *chiaro scuro* and anatomy; we sincerely wish that some plan might be devised for the preservation of what yet remains, which might form the nucleus of a gallery for our own great city. It would indeed be a triumph for the merchants of New-York, were they to come forward and prove themselves, as a body, more devoted to the promotion of the liberal arts than the great mass of which they form an integral portion. We cannot, however, coincide with an opinion we see broached, that a good place would be furnished for this exhibition in the great room of Mr. Astor's *New Hotel*. Shades of Vandyke and Rembrandt is it come to this—the masterpieces of your mighty intellects degraded into the ornaments of a Bar-Room. Decidedly the finest painting in the collection is the De Witt family—one of the finest, by the way, that this powerful and original master ever painted. The deep masses of shadow, the exquisite play of light, the rich and gorgeous coloring, as fresh to-day as when it left the painter's easel, the minute finish, and the admirable keeping of the whole, are sufficient at a glance to point out a Rembrandt, and one of no slight or

ordinary excellence. Next perhaps to this may be rated—although there be an excellent landscape by Gaspar Roussin—and a twilight of Domenichino not easily surpassed for truth or effect—Lord Clive's family by Sir Joshua, for grouping, delicacy, harmony, and exquisite taste. The child held up to its mother by the Indian nurse, and the colored girl herself, are given with a degree of beauty that may almost be said to rival, though in a very different style, the great ancient master mentioned above. It must, however, be admitted, that like most of Sir Joshua's pictures, this has been greatly impaired by the fading of the colors, which may be perceived particularly in the once crimson draperies and chairs. There is a beautiful picture attributed to Claude, and certainly exhibiting many of his peculiar characteristics, especially the delicate hazy softness and the aerial perspective for which he is so famous. If it be a Claude, it is by no means one of his happiest efforts—the general perspective of the whole being destroyed, although the partial effects are admirable, by the introduction of a mass of shadow in the right-hand foreground so black as completely to kill the middle ground, and consequently to defeat the whole labor lavished on that and on the distance. We are on the whole of opinion that it is an original, defaced by some injudicious cleaner. The St. Jerome by Leonardo da Vinci, and the crucifixion by Tintoretto, are undoubtedly original: though pictures which draw their lustre from the names of the masters, rather than from any intrinsic merits of their own. The Garden of Love, by Vandyke, is exquisitely drawn and richly colored, while the Holy Family, by the same master, is one of the most superb pieces of conception and of drawing we have lately witnessed. Neither of the Guidos are remarkably fine paintings. The Flight into Egypt by Annibal Caracci, a strange and tricky though very powerful picture. The Berghen, beautiful in the finish of parts, and in glances of light that gleam out in a dozen places with so wondrous an effect, but injured by the prevalence of a hot reddish-yellow tint in the castle, &c. of the foreground. A brisk gale, by Backhuysen, and a calm by Wm. Vandervelde, are not surpassed by any thing in this or any other collection—the latter especially, is one of those exquisite scenes of a quiet, sleepy morning—the vessels lying with their sails hanging idly against the masts, from that in deep shadow in the central foreground, to the tall galliot diminished to a speck by the aerial perspective—the misty blue of the heavens almost covered by towering clouds, and the water clear, bright and transparent, constituting a picture that none could have painted with the same force

and harmony. We may hereafter refer to this subject; at present we are compelled to close our survey of this truly beautiful collection, by the claims presented to our notice by—

ADAM AND EVE, by Mr. Otis, Arcade Baths, Chambers-street.—We have but space to say, that we have visited and are greatly pleased with these decided specimens of talent from a very promising countryman.

OUTRE MER. A PILGRIMAGE BEYOND SEA. 2 Vols. Harpers.—These volumes are principally made up of sketches of foreign travel in France, Spain and Italy. In his choice of materials the author has studiously avoided to touch upon scenes which had been depicted by other pens, a degree of fastidiousness, which, while it has led to the exclusion of much that might have been interesting, has at least imparted to his pages great freshness and novelty. The work is delightfully written, and deserves to be a favorite. It contains indeed nothing to create a sensation; no startling incident and overwrought description to awe and electrify; but it can lay claim to merit of a loftier and more pleasing though less exciting character. Professor Longfellow is a poet, an accomplished scholar, and what does not always accompany a lively imagination and varied acquirements, is possessed of a taste delicate, discriminating, and well disciplined in a remarkable degree. He has evidently gazed on the face of nature with an eye keenly alive to its minutest attractions, and he has looked upon his fellow-man in that spirit of mild and tolerant philosophy which is no less a mark of true wisdom than of genuine benevolence. Such a man could hardly fail to write an agreeable book. Nothing indeed can surpass the charm—the grace of some passages which we might select from these volumes. We have said that the author was a poet, and we think that few who rise from the perusal of his work will be inclined to doubt the assertion. His pictures abound with exquisite touches, and the nicest and most delicate shades, and in some of them there is an air of repose—a quiet and finished beauty—a tranquillizing and subduing influence, which steals insensibly into the heart and captivates the soul with its soothing spell. We love to linger upon and to recur to them again and again.—Not the least of the merits of this work is its style—spirited, easy and graceful throughout, it is at times in the highest degree elevated and poetical without ever deviating into the diffuse, the inflated or the meretricious; an extreme against which the pure taste and chastened imagination of the author seems always to have kept him on his guard. On the whole we

take leave of these volumes with sentiments of affectionate admiration for the writer,—with a sincere respect for his taste and talents and a strong persuasion that, favorably as we think of the merits of his present production, he is destined to attain yet higher distinction from the vigorous maturity of his ripening powers.

THE SACRED HISTORY OF THE WORLD. By Sharon Turner. Vol. 2d. Harper and Brothers.—The continuation of this admirable series of letters, will be welcomed with pleasure by those who have perused the first volume of Turner's outlines, and appreciated the entertainment and instruction so felicitously blended in this excellent work. The volume before us carries on the investigation commenced in that which preceded it; and the chief object of its ingenious and learned author has been to observe and delineate the divine economy in its more special reference to mankind, and to exhibit the plans and principles and purposes which seem to have been pursued in respect to them, and to the progress of human nature in their successive generations. It is thus only by mingling the lights of reason and revelation, that we can hope to resolve the mysteries of nature; and those philosophers who disregard the aid of sacred history in their searches after truth, are about as wise as the navigator who should reject the assistance of astronomy in exploring an unknown sea, because he can steer by the compass in those which are familiar to him. The work is enriched by the most abundant illustration, derived from the most diversified sources; and the fashionable productions of the day—the novels, poems, and travels of the last few years—have supplied the philosophical genius of the author with annotations not less striking than those which he often derives from the most celebrated ecclesiastical and pagan writers. There are some minds which see good in every thing, which find flowers in barren places, and draw wholesome nourishment from sources which are only fraught with baneful properties for others. To such minds, when bent upon a task like that so happily accomplished by Mr. Turner, the familiar ways of life supply an inexhaustible storehouse and armory; and while building up the muniments of religion from the very materials which, often, that others have arrayed for its destruction, they meet infidelity where its attacks are most dangerous and insinuating, and crush the assailant, as it were, upon our own hearthstones. The Sacred History of the World is embodied with the Family Library—a work whose cheapness, not less than its general merit, has done much in disseminating a taste for sound literature.

COBB'S NORTH AMERICAN READER.—

The editor of this new compilation is well known as one whose ingenious labors in preparing elementary works of education, are worthy of high praise. His system of spelling, indeed, is not entirely after our own faith, as we think he has gone as far in the one extreme of restoring antiquated fashions, as Dr. Webster has indulged in the other of introducing new-fangled ones. Mr. Cobb has, however, produced some very useful works, and the one now before us has long been a desideratum. School-books, above all other books, should be national in their character; and while our country has produced such prose writers as Dr. Franklin, Hamilton, Channing, and Verplanck—with poetry so well adapted to raise and regulate the taste as the *Thanatopsis* of Bryant and some of Pierpont's and Percival's pieces, it is a crying shame that her children should derive their earliest mental nourishment from a foster-mother. The selections of a work like this, however, should only have been made from standard writers; from productions upon which the seal of the world's opinion has been set: that are, in fact, identified with the classics of the language. Mr. Cobb, from not keeping this in view, has we fear made his work as ephemeral as are many of those from which its materials are selected. We recognise in his *omnium-gatherum* more than one clever writer, who will, we hope, some day take his place among the models of English Literature; but until the rest of the world agree in giving him that place, it is neither for us nor Mr. Cobb to place his productions in apposition with those of Burke and Webster, of Addison and Irving.

WILLIAMS' PINNOCK'S GEOGRAPHY.—Bliss, Wadsworth & Co.—The plan of this work, which aims at combining the *essence* of Geography and History—at designating the positions of important localities, and at the same time imparting the associations by which they are distinguished—constitutes it decidedly one of the best school-books and minor works of reference that has for some time appeared. Though but a 12mo. volume, it is sufficiently comprehensive in its scope, and is well supplied with interrogatories, to fix each fact that is stated in the mind of the student.

We have but few lines left for the Theatre and Opera, though the incomparable performances of *Poeir*, whose acting embodies the best characteristics of the French school of comedians, would alone make us dwell with satisfaction upon the former. At the latter, we hope the next month will bring forth something more akin to the refined character of its audiences than the meretricious attraction it has recently borrowed from the Bowery.